

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

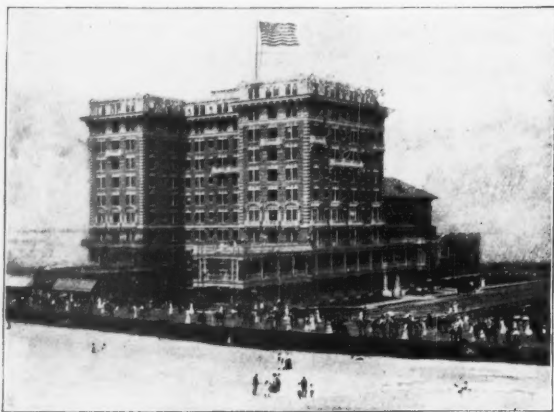


The Rivals

VOL XXXV NO 24

SEPTEMBER 9 1905

PRICE 10 CENTS



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is a new Fireproof building of the best type,
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ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

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THE LEEDS COMPANY

Solicits your patronage and invites you
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No matches required

Turn On the Gas and IGNITO Lights

IGNITO Self-Lighting Outfits are
ECONOMICAL, BRILLIANT, DURABLE AND SAFE
They use less gas, give a greater volume of light and cost less than
ordinary gas outfits.

They **PREVENT** the **POSSIBILITY** of **ASPHYXIATION**
Because IGNITO lights as soon as gas enters the Mantle.

AUTO LIGHTER CO., New York. New York, June 26, 1905.
Gentlemen—I have had your IGNITO outfit in my house for more than four months,
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outfits at once, and oblige,
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BERTHA MITCHELL, 116 East 59th St., New York.

The entire outfit, consisting of Ignito Self-Lighting Gas Mantle, Ignito
Regulating and Economizing Burner (Burners are branded "IGNITO"), Ignito
Imported Opal "Q" Air Hole Globe, to be had from your dealer or send money
order for \$1.25 direct to us, and we will send a complete Ignito outfit, with
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AUTO LIGHTER CO., Park Ave., 130th & 131st Sts., N. Y., U. S. A.

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**UNIVERSAL
GARMENT
FASTENER**



ON THE WAIST

AS A SKIRT
SUPPORTER

ON THE
SKIRT
SIDE
PLACKET

ALSO FOR
BACK
PLACKET

FEEL IT SLIDE?

INSTEAD OF HOOKS AND BUTTONS ON WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S GARMENTS
SIMPLE—STRONG—SECURE

"IT DOES NOT SNAP—IT SLIDES"

Will Not Catch or Tear the Garment and Never Wears Out
GUARANTEED NOT TO RUST

YOU CAN ALWAYS FIND A NEW USE FOR IT—SUGGEST IT TO YOUR DRESSMAKER
ASK YOUR DEALER

OR—SEND 24 CENTS in stamps and we will send you by mail, prepaid,
sufficient Nottahooks for your Placket, also Nottahook Tape Skirt Supporter.
OR—SEND 50 CENTS in stamps and we will send you sufficient Nottahook Skirt
Supporters for four Waists and two Skirts, Nottahooks to sew on your Placket
and enough for the front, collar and cuffs of a Waist. **STATE COLOR WANTED.**
Sew-ons in Black and Nickel—Tape Goods in Black, White and Gray.

THE NOTTAHOOK COMPANY, 605 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

"The groves were God's first temples."

SEPTEMBER IN THE ADIRONDACKS

No finer place in September can be
found than the Adirondacks. The air
is cool and bracing, the scenery beau-
tiful, and they can be reached in a
night from Boston, New York or
Niagara Falls. All parts of the Adi-
rondacks are reached by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

A copy of No. 20 of the "Four-Track Series," "The Adiron-
dacks and How to Reach Them," will be sent free on receipt of
a 2-cent stamp by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent,
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FASHION BOOK FREE

Write to-day for our handsome illustrated catalogue of New York's latest styles in women's, misses' and children's wear.

TWO SPECIAL BARGAINS. Below we illustrate two of the very newest models in a coat-suit and skirt for the Fall and Winter season. The illustrations represent the garments exactly. We guarantee the quality, style and fit to give absolute satisfaction. We mean by this that you can order either the suit or the skirt—it will be sent you with the full understanding and agreement that after you have received it, examined it thoroughly and tried it on, if you are not pleased in every respect, if you are not satisfied that you are getting the greatest value ever offered in a suit or skirt you may return it to us and your money will be refunded including express charges both ways. The above guarantee insures you against all possible risk in ordering from Siegel Cooper Co., New York City.

No. 69F.—This illustration represents one of our very newest Fall and Winter models for 1905. It is the new and extremely stylish 43 in. coat suit, possessing not alone grace and beauty of style but also extraordinary serviceable qualities. Made of fine all-wool broadcloth, has one



Suit No. 69F \$11.50



Skirt No. 79F \$4.75

tight-fitting back, fly front, large sleeves, tailor finished collar and cuffs, all beautifully stitched. Lined to the waist with satin. The skirt is gored pleated, correctly cut. Colors, black, navy blue or brown. 22 to 44 chest measure, length of 40 to 42 inches. \$11.50

No. 79F.—This walking skirt is the correct new Fall and Winter model in the much desired slaty pleated style. The pleats are stitched in the deep yoke effect and smartly flaring to hem. It is made of fine finished all-wool broadcloth in black, navy blue or brown. Tailored in the best possible manner. Sizes 22 to 29 inch waist band, 27 to 42 length. Exceptional skirt in style, material and price. \$4.75

We have no Branch Houses
SIEGEL COOPER & CO.
SIXTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.
We employ No Agents

\$20 to \$50 WEEKLY has been earned selling this New INVENTION, the **STANDARD SELF-CLEANING FOUNTAIN PEN**. No ink dropper. No smeared fingers. No twisted rubber. No complication. Sales made in 32 days by retired business man in Ala. Sales in a month's spare time by G. Joe Lovett, of Mass. **\$70** Sales in first two hours by Mrs. Mary M. Lennon, of Mich. Our Free Lessons in Successful Salesmanship make experience unnecessary. We send all particulars and figures to prove above records, write today. Energetic Agents and District Managers Wanted. **STANDARD PEN CO., 705 Baker Bldg., TOLEDO, O.**

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NEW YORK SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 9 1905

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HIGH TIDE ON A GOOD MARSH AND SHELLS LOADED WITH 2 1/2 DRAMS OF DU PONT SMOKELESS AND 1 OUNCE No. 10 SHOT MAKE RAIL BIRD SHOOTING AN IDEAL SPORT.

E. I. Du Pont Company
Wilmington, Delaware

Rexall

ANTISEPTIC

Tooth Powder

is a delightfully refreshing dentifrice—a new and better kind. Hygienically cleanses and polishes the teeth, cools and strengthens the gums.

Rexall (Anti-septic) Tooth Powder

The largest box of strictly pure antiseptic tooth powder on the market—made in the Rexall Laboratories, the largest on the continent. Each box has a unique metallic cap which prevents waste and corrosion.

Price 25 Cents

Sold only by Rexall druggists in 1,000 cities. If not procurable in your town, send us 25 cents for a full-size box, by mail prepaid.

United Drug Co.
Boston
Mass.



The Ultimatum

Analysts and connoisseurs have long ago agreed that



Hunter Baltimore Rye

is an absolutely pure whiskey, of perfect maturity and perfect flavor.

It is particularly recommended to women because of its age and excellence.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

I Am the Paint Man

2 Full Gallons Free to Try—6 Months Time to Pay

I AM the paint man.

I have a new way of manufacturing and selling paints. It's unique—it's better.

Before my plan was invented paint

was sold in two ways—either ready-mixed or the ingredients were bought and mixed by the painter.

Ready-mixed paint settles on the shelves, forming a sediment at the bottom of the can.

The mineral in ready-mixed paint, when standing in oil, eats the life out of the oil. The oil is the very life of all paints.

Paint made by the painter cannot be properly made on account of lack of the heavy mixing machine.

My paint is unlike any other paint in the world.

It is ready to use, but not ready-mixed. My paint is made to order after each order is received, packed in hermetically sealed cans with the very day it is made

stamped on each can by my factory inspector.

I ship my pigment—which is white lead, zinc, drier and coloring matter freshly ground, after order is received—in separate cans, and in another can I ship my Oil, which is pure old process linseed oil, the kind that you used to buy years ago before the paint manufacturers, to cheapen the cost of paint, worked in adulterations.

I sell my paint direct from my factory to user at my very low factory price; you pay no dealer or middleman profits.

I pay the freight on six gallons or over.

My paint is so good that I make this wonderfully fair test offer:

When you receive your shipment of paint, you can use two full gallons—that will cover 600 square feet of wall—two coats.

If, after you have used that much of my paint, you are not perfectly satisfied with it in every detail, you can return the remainder of your order and the two gallons will not cost you one penny.

No other paint manufacturer ever made such a liberal offer.

It is because I manufacture the finest paint, put up in the best way, that I can make this offer.

I go even further.

I sell all of my paint on six months' time, if desired.

This gives you an opportunity to paint your buildings when they need it, and pay for the paint at your convenience.

Back of my paint stands my Eight Year, officially signed, iron-clad Guarantee.

8 YEARS GUARANTEE

This is the longest and most liberal guarantee ever put on a paint.

For further particulars regarding my plan of selling, and complete color card of all colors, send a postal to O. L. Chase, St. Louis, Mo.

I will send my paint book—the most complete book of its kind ever published—absolutely free. Also my instruction book entitled "This Little Book Tells How To Paint" and copy of my 8 year guarantee.

O. L. Chase The Paint Man
609 C. Locust Street
St. Louis, Mo.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINES
Stereopticons You can make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public. Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnishing complete outfit and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost. The Field is large, comprising the regular theater and lecture circuit, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges and General Public Gatherings. Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue and special offer fully explains everything. Sent Free. **CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 225 Dearborn Street, Dept. 186, CHICAGO, ILL.**

Little Athletes
developed by daily spins on the **Irish Mail**
"It's geared"
Provides exactly the right amount of exercise for all muscles. Hill-climbing fun for boy or girl. A smart, sporty little car built on hygienic lines. Rubber-tired, light, strong. Perfectly safe.
If your dealer hasn't it, order direct from us. Write for booklet, FREE.
Hill-Standard Mfg. Co., 494 Irish Mail St., Anderson, Ind.

MUSIC LESSONS Send for our **FREE** booklet, it is
It tells how to learn to play any instrument. Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Mandolin, etc. Write American School of Music, 301 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

The Land of NOW and Its Future

MORE than five thousand people a month are pouring into the great Southwest from every quarter of the United States. The story of their ventures and successes is wonderful. But more wonderful is the story of opportunities that are passed by in the eager rush for prosperity. Thousands are reaping fortunes from the opportunities neglected or overlooked by the first comers. It is a fact that the influx of population has created more and better opportunities than existed in the early days! For example, thousands of mechanics, tradesmen and farmers have gone into Oklahoma in the past two years. More farmers means more blacksmiths, more merchants, more saddlers, more tailors, more manufacturers—prosperity begets prosperity and the needs of the communities are widening and multiplying.

Oklahoma is the center of the Southwest and what is true of that territory, is true, in greater or less degree, of Missouri, Arkansas, Indian Territory, Texas, Kansas, New Mexico and Colorado. Each has its peculiar advantages in resources, climate, soil, etc. There are villages that will be towns next year, and cities the year after, where there is not only room for, but an absolute need of many business enterprises and manufactories. It is a fact that almost any man of grit and ordinary intelligence can make a better living in the smaller towns of the Southwest, than in cities where hundreds of thou-



In a Southwest Timber Belt. Raw Material for the Manufacturer

sands of his fellowmen are straining in ruthless competition. The sagacious men who see these conditions and take advantage of them are sure of a rich reward. The natural increase in values, with but little effort on their part, will insure their success.

A New Country Needs You!

The man who is seeking to escape the fierce competition of sections that have reached the dead-level of development, in which further progress is difficult, will make a great mistake if he overlooks the Southwest. Thousands who were wise enough to see the possibilities of Ohio, Illinois or Iowa, thirty years ago, or of Kansas within the past decade, are today the wealthy, influential men of these states. The development of natural resources and the increase in land values, has made them rich.

The increase in values is much more rapid in the Southwest now than was deemed possible years ago when land was plenty and immigration small. There will be more development in the next ten years in the Southwest than has taken place in any twenty years in any other section—at any time. Say that 25 million acres of land increases an average of \$25 per acre in the next ten years (a conservative estimate); this means \$625,000,000 increase in value and the ensuing prosperity of the region is easily understood.

There are scores of towns in the Southwest that are seeking enterprise or capital to fill a vacant or partially occupied field and a thorough study of the whole section should be made by every man who is seeking an outlet for his energy, talents or capital. It is difficult, however, for the individual, unaided, to keep track of a title of the openings that are occurring monthly and almost weekly, and a carefully organized system of locating the opportunities fitted to the varying needs of the individual, is of inestimable value.



A Town Today—A City Tomorrow

Business and Investment Opportunities in the Great Southwest

How We Can Help You

The Rock Island maintains a Bureau of Information. Traveling investigators visit each town on its lines and tabulate information concerning the manufacturing and retail business resources and the quantity of raw material, markets, fuel, crops and a multitude of other facts having a bearing on the prosperity of the town, together with a list of the unoccupied openings for investors or business men. As soon as an opening is filled, the file is closed.

The Company has no land to sell and no interest to serve other than the building up of prosperous communities in the territory along its lines. It is anxious to help people to locations where they can found permanent homes and become substantial citizens. It is a

larger business than that of selling you a ticket. It strives to put you where you can make money enough to buy many tickets and what is more, where you will raise produce enough to need its services as a common carrier. Every person located on the line means more produce to be hauled out and more manufactured goods to be hauled in. This steady patronage, year after year, is very important to the railway company and to foster it is the purpose for which the special department is maintained.

The officials in charge of the Bureau have an intimate and accurate knowledge of conditions and resources of all the territory at their command and are able to fit the needs of each enquirer as easily as the switchboard operator in the telephone office connects wires for a call. If 3000 Swiss herdsmen and dairymen want to establish a cheese making community in Oklahoma, the Rock Island will attend to the details, placing the settlers where they are most needed. If a Harvard graduate wants to go west and grow up with the country, the Rock Island will help him find a promising town, either short of lawyers or one where there is an abundance of attorneys who neglect business and a scarcity of capable ones.

The Rock Island does not claim to be able to decide for you, but it can help you save time and money in investigation. The service is entirely free. If the particular information you need is not at hand, the Officials of the Bureau will get it for you without charge.

What Has Been Done for Others

The possibilities of the Bureau are best shown by the following extracts from letters, of which there are many similar, filed in the Bureau. What has been done for others can be done for you.

MR. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—Yours of the 10th at hand, and in reply would say that I have just returned to Shawnee from Oklahoma City. Bought a drug store in Oklahoma City for \$3500.

Thanking you for the interest you have taken in me, I remain

MR. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—The opening for an ice plant and creamery at this place has been filled by the Chicago Building & Manufacturing Co. They saw your ad for such an enterprise at this place and came here, established a stock company and put in a plant. The machinery will be shipped from Chicago and I hope to have our people route it over the Rock Island. Allow me, in behalf of our people, to thank you for securing the enterprise for them.

ENID, OKLA.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, Esq., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I beg to advise that through literature issued by the Rock Island System, we were induced to visit Oklahoma, from our home in Indianapolis, Indiana, and to locate at Enid and engage in the dry goods business (Department Store).



More Corn than Cribes in the Southwest

We are well pleased with our location and the volume of business we are doing far exceeds our expectations; we feel very thankful indeed to the Rock Island people for directing our attention to this rapidly growing city. Very truly yours,

KAUFMAN BROS., Per H. L. Kaufman.

P. S. We have also purchased 40 acres of land adjoining the city of Enid.

EL RENO, OKLA.

MR. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Passenger Traffic Mgr., Chicago.

Dear Sir:—Permit me to thank you, on behalf of my two associates, Hon. Milo D. Campbell, Coldwater, Mich., and Mr. C. A. Wilson, Holly, Mich., (who, together with myself are the builders and owners of the fine property here in El Reno) for having directed us here through your pamphlet "Business Openings" and inducing us to expend upwards of \$100,000.00 in the installation of a modern gas plant in one of the most thriving cities of the Southwest.

We were attracted to Oklahoma, first because of the many and varied opportunities for the safe investment of money and, second, to El Reno, because of the great promise of substantial and immediate returns upon our investment. Very truly yours,

EL RENO GAS & MINING CO., S. T. Harvey, Secy. & Treas.

COMANCHE, I. T.

MR. JOHN SEBASTIAN, P. T. M. Rock Island System, Chicago.

Dear Sir:—I have your esteemed favor of the 17th, relative to the coming to Comanche of Mr. E. O. Benson, Auburn, N. Y., to establish an ice plant and desire to thank you in behalf of the Commercial Club and myself for the interest you have taken in this and other matters of interest to our town.

Mr. Benson arrived on time and our Club immediately procured for him a location for said plant and made him a present of same. While he did not ask this of us, we thought it our duty to show him that we appreciated his decision to locate with us.

Again thanking you, we are,

Yours very truly,

THE COMMERCIAL CLUB,

By J. B. Wilkinson, Secy.

The Open Door for the Wide Awake Man

Whatever your occupation or profession, there is a place for you in the active, progressive Southwest. There are substantial towns and cities, with schools, churches, railroads, good roads and other modern improvements. There is no pioneering. That has already been done. The climate is mild and healthful and the range of crops, as well as the number of crops that can be raised annually, is greater than in the east or north. Here are some samples of the opportunities listed by the Bureau:

Meat Market	General Store	Pottery
Lumber Yard	Hardware and Im-	Lime and Charcoal
Building Contractor	plements	Kiln
Planing Mill	Dairying	Butcher
Steam Laundry	Furniture	Jewelry Store
Livery Stable	Undertaker	Racket Store
Electric Light and	Milinery	Truck Farm
Ice Plant	Ice Plant	Harness and Repair
Produce House	Canning Factory	Shop
Hotel	Machine Repair	Restaurant
Poultry Raising	Shop	Shoe Maker
Gents' Furnishings	Broom Factory	Bank
and Dry Goods	Brick Plant	Drug Store
Store	Bakery	

There are hundreds of others. If you intend casting your lot in the Southwest, write us today. We will tell you where the openings are, the amount of capital needed, price of farm lands, location of free homesteads, best crops raised and about the very low railroad rate in effect to enable you to investigate and satisfy yourself that the conditions are all that they are claimed to be. Fill out coupon below and send to us. It may be the basis of your prosperity.

John Sebastian, Passenger Traffic Manager, Rock Island System
CHICAGO, ILL. (Drawer B)

I am interested in the Southwest. I have \$..... and would like to

embark in..... business in..... (Name of State)

Please give full information.

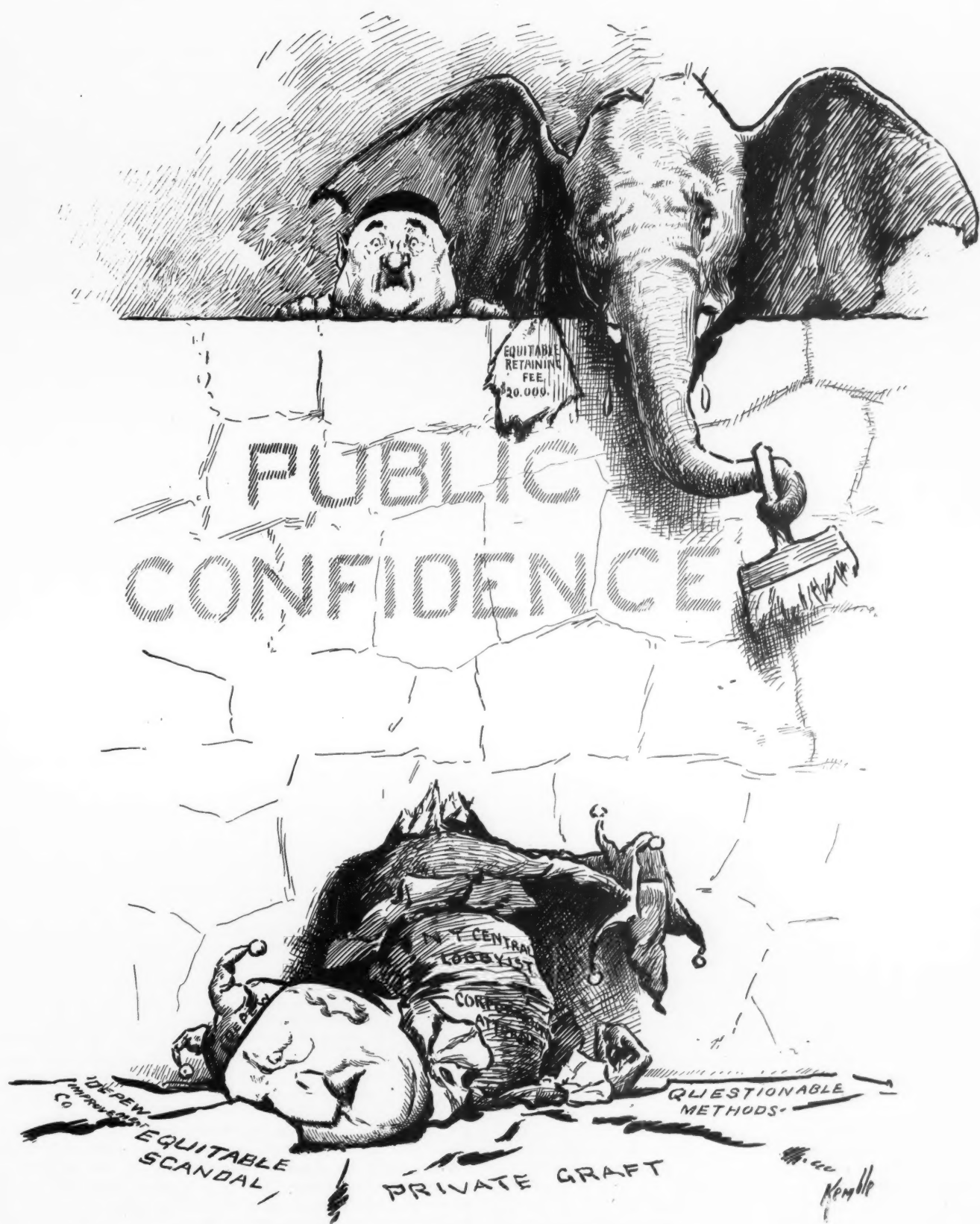
Name.....

Street and number.....

City and State.....

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



HOW HAVE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

*Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a bad fall;
All the whitewashing and all the big men
Can't put Humpty Dumpty up again.*



WHAT REALLY CAUSED PEACE will hardly be known with any exactness for months and perhaps years to come. It is easy to put too much emphasis on the more obvious and temporary inducements and on the personalities involved. The President and Mr. WITTE have doubtless counted for much, but great and hidden forces have assuredly been at work. Japan, we fancy, was moved primarily by the knowledge that she had all that is necessary to her and more than she declared as her object when she decided that war had become inevitable. Her second consideration was probably the folly of continued great expense, and the third, her estimate of public opinion in Great Britain and America for as much as it was worth, but not an atom more. She has had the wisdom of moderation. She has realized that magnanimity, like honesty, is sometimes the best policy. Talk about either side being outwitted by the other belongs in the region of romance. Each from the beginning probably guessed rather accurately what was in the other's hand, and the result represents the relative strength of the cards held by each. Russia was influenced by money considerations and the international situation far more than by public opinion, although of course the views of the President, the Kaiser, and the French would have weight. Such surmise must, however, for a long time be general. We know only that a great war has been fought for an object with which England and America are in sympathy, that a new power has arisen to teach the old and proud powers new things about the direful art of war, and that the world in general has sickened of the fight, and is extremely glad to see hundreds of thousands of strong men go back to the fields to make food and life, instead of destroying them.

REASON
VICTORIOUS

FAME IS MADE BY OPPORTUNITY, and it is also made by gifts and virtue. How much each ingredient counts will never be stated by philosophy. Mr. DOOLEY, unless our memory is at fault, admits somewhere that opportunity knocks at least once at every man's door, but adds that if the man opens the door opportunity frequently swats him in the jaw. Now, the President is not a man of peace. He has frequently celebrated the glories of combat, and of the fibre that results from carnage. When he became the most conspicuous laborer for peace between Russia and Japan, his attitude was determined largely by his opportunity. The opportunity was so great that it was hypnotic. To make peace between two strong nations, after a struggle that was so memorable, would go far to assure him space in history; for in the narratives of the past a statesman's place is determined as much by the size of events in which he was concerned as by the actual personal quality of the man himself. Mr. ROOSEVELT has had the clear vision to see his opportunity and the strength to master it, and his triumph has won him the deserved plaudits of the world.

IMPORTANT TO
THE PRESIDENT

YOUNG
RUSSIA

REVOLUTIONS AND THEIR MARTYRDOMS are peculiarly the business of the young. Life at seventeen and eighteen is held cheaply. There are then a chivalric swing and dash which are crushed out in later years. In Russia the crushing process seems to be administered with conscientious thoroughness. When it comes to revolutions it is the school-children who rush to the front of things, such boys and girls as we try still to guard from the world's roughnesses, and at whose young philosophy we smile maturely. "I see a huge building," wrote TURGENIEF, a quarter of a century ago, "in the front wall a narrow door, which is wide open; beyond it stretches a dismal darkness. Before the high threshold stands a girl—a Russian girl . . . from the depths of the building a slow, hollow voice is coming. 'O you who would cross the threshold, do you know what awaits you? . . . Cold, hunger, hatred, derision, contempt, insults, prison, suffering, even death?'" In a recent article there is an anecdote relating how, in a small town, some seventeen and eighteen year old girls and their boy friends had a pleasant little reading society, not using "forbidden" books, but such as were accessible to all. The officer commanding in that place saw his opportunity for advancement. The girls and their friends were arrested, imprisoned, and sent to Siberia. Human nature is not so flabby but that from the murder of this innocent society will spring up a dozen not so innocent.

WE EXTERMINATED INDIANS because the land they occupied was needed. The superior race could not work out its opportunities except by sending the red man to his happy hunting ground. We are now engaged in forcing toward starvation a race in regard to whom no such excuse exists. They do not occupy land the white man needs. We acquired control of them by accident. They were under rulers before who neither despised them socially, as the Americans despise them, nor, what is more important, passed laws such as those which are stealing away their food. What Mr. TAFT has really been about, in his triumphal tour, is not known, but his past record makes us hope he will bring new force to bear on Congress in the winter; on Congress, which is responsible for the sale of a distant people's welfare to enable already bloated tobacco and sugar magnates to grow more bloated. We boasted profusely of the "boom" that would begin its exhilarating career when once the Star-Spangled Banner presided over the destinies of these islands. We boasted, and then we passed the FRYE bill, making the Philippines territory sufficiently foreign to pound with tariff laws and sufficiently American to be forbidden cheap transportation. It is greed, pure and simple, to which we are sacrificing every principle, not only of sympathy, but of the merest justice. Nothing short of free trade with us will be even a pretence of fairness, but if that is too much for the fat monopolists who control our Congress, let us at least make again the fight that was lost last winter, and endeavor to secure a reduction from the present deadly rates.

IS MONEY
EVERYTHING?

STATE PRIDE HARDLY EXISTS in a large part of the Union, especially in the older Northern States. In the South, and in the newer States of the West, we find its pristine energy. A newspaper article spoke of yellow fever in Texas, and we reprinted this supposed information. The avalanche of enthusiastic correction which resulted was a surprise and decidedly a pleasure. The Texans did not shrug their shoulders, drop a word about newspaper inaccuracy, and conclude that things would be much the same a hundred years from now. They sat down, in considerable numbers, to remove the error and free their State from cloud. They have the pride of the South mingled with the activity of the West, and the people of new States also have that special kind of pride which comes to those who have helped to build the communities in which they live.

TEXAS
ENERGY

ONE DOCTOR'S SUGGESTION we deem distinctly valuable. We have a good deal of trouble on hand just now, but are always ready for more. We have announced that Mr. ADAMS is to take up the quacks after he has had his say on patent medicines, and now a physician thinks we should also touch upon abuses in the regular profession, and especially on what he calls the drug graft. It may not be generally known that many doctors receive a commission upon prescriptions. Very often the physician does this as a matter of course, without giving serious thought to the moral aspect of the question, but in some instances it leads physicians to write more prescriptions than are necessary, or larger prescriptions than are necessary, in order to increase their income. It is needless to point out that this money is earned at the patient's expense, for either the druggist charges an extortionate price for prescriptions, or he uses inferior drugs. The patient of the honest physician suffers equally with the patient of the grafter, as the druggist will not make two prices. There is also, though much rarer, a "commission graft," where a surgeon offers to physicians a percentage of the surgical fee received from the patient. This arrangement causes venal physicians to switch their surgical cases to venal surgeons. The venal surgeon charges extortionate prices, because he not only has to make his fee, but also to pay the venal physician. "The Private Hospital Graft" is said to be a good deal worse in the West than in the East. The physician who sends cases to a certain hospital receives back a percentage of the patient's hospital fees; the hospital gets a rake-off from the druggist; or unnecessary laboratory examinations are made and the patient pays. Abuses exist in every walk of life, but no class of men work harder to keep their profession clean than physicians do.

QUACK METHODS
IN MEDICINE

LIBEL S
VINDIC

WHIPPING
IN ORE

INCREA
IN FE



WHEN HONOR IS AT STAKE your specimen grafter, or other evildoer in conspicuous station, frequently finds it convenient to begin a libel suit, but not so often to bring the suit to trial. A notable recent instance of this principle, and how it works, was the suit of a notorious politician against a Chicago newspaper for libel. The paper replied by carrying the word "boodler" in heavy type every day until the suit was dropped. We can not afford much space for Colonel MANN, or any other branch of the "Town Topics" dishonor. We shall repeat our opinion now and then, but in telling the truth about the disreputable sheet, its modes of influence, and its proprietor, we have done the duty which we saw before us, and to decent men and women we must leave the main rôle in making such social scum impossible. Colonel MANN imagines that by serving a summons he can make some people believe he is willing to go to trial. He probably imagines he can drag the case along for a year or two and drop it when people are less stirred with disgust at him and his journal of social swill. That is a familiar device. It is the best bluff open to vermin who are forced into the light. We have no hope that the suit will ever come to trial, but, if it does, we trust that something more important than the settlement of a mere personal case at law may result. We hope light may be given to the public on the way such obscene scavengers reach, in their influence, even into political and judicial life. The public is to blame; for the paper's slimy power is based partly on snobbishness and partly on fear. The fear part is the less disgraceful to the victim, for many a man who faces a lion would fear the ordinary American *mephitis mephitica*. The reason we think it worth while to bother with the topic so extensively is that whatever shows clearly the scavenger newspaper's disgusting practices and nature may do something to turn people from a mean craving for gossip about the rich.

LIBEL SUITS AS
VINDICATORS

ADDICKS AND THE WHIPPING POST have contributed to Delaware's notoriety. It is frequently assumed that Delaware is the only commonwealth in the Union subject to either of these afflictions. The decree of an Oregon court, however, reveals the fact that in the Valley of the Willamette the mediæval penalty for wife-beating still prevails. Brutality reaches its maximum when a sordid husband strikes down and beats his wife because she refuses to satisfy his alcoholic thirst with the money earned at the tub, that her seven children may not starve. In urging in extenuation the excuse that he was "drunk at the time" the defendant exhibits powers of reasoning and appeal that are somewhat short of final. So long as our own statutes hold to capital punishment for the crime of first degree, clinging to the Mosaic law of "a life for a life," it is clearly inconsistent to argue that the whipping post is not the penalty which "fits the crime." The argument against the whipping post is, of course, not based on sympathy for the husband. His sufferings would give joy to any honest heart which had not reached a degree of saintliness fitting the possessor for a better world. It is simply one of the pleasures that, without injury to our taste, we can not permit ourselves to indulge.

WHIPPING POSTS
IN OREGON

THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION in New York is reported as about to cut off all wages from their red-capped porters, who are now said to make so much, outside of wages, that there are many more applicants than places to be filled. The change would mean nothing, as the porters are now allowed to make it clear that they expect travelers to pay, and that somewhat liberally. The Pullman conductors last year complained that they earned less than their porters received in fees, and there are even conductors who are not averse to indicating a willingness to increase their earnings by the charity, or recompense for courtesy, of passengers on their lines. A certain kind of pride is departing rapidly from Americans, naturally enough, with the increase of immigration, the familiarity which travel gives us with foreign habits, and the natural identification of one's own comfort with generosity. The change is inevitable, but for all that, to one brought up in the traditions of our country, it brings a touch of sadness.

INCREASE
IN FEES

IN MARRIAGE SERVICES which admit of alteration the word "obey" is said to be omitted now more often than it is used. Presumably the lead is taken in this change by that country in which woman's individuality is most freely recognized. The lead in the United States is as likely to be taken by one partner as the other. The American man tends toward reason and good humor. For him to wear in the affairs of every day that autocratic and solemn demeanor which an English husband not infrequently exhibits would be forbidden by his conception of the ridiculous. The boorishness of the German and the artificial decorum of the Parisian are equally distasteful to him. This may sound like the eagle's scream, but we really believe that marriage relations in this country permit a little boasting. The disappearance of the word "obey" comes a long time after the disappearance of the fact. Neither will be regretted.

O B E Y

A DESULTORY STREAM of comment still continues on the relations of laboring men to Church. Some of these are based on purely religious grounds, and therefore not useful for secular discussion, but as a number emphasize practical ethics or spiritual training, we offer a declaration by one of the most brilliant of modern scholars. A Church is described by HUXLEY as a place in which services should be devoted "to the setting before men's minds of an ideal of true, just, and pure living; a place in which those who are weary of the burden of daily cares should find a moment's rest in the contemplation of the higher life, which is possible for all, though attained by so few; a place in which the man of strife and of business should have time to think how small, after all, are the rewards he covets compared with peace and charity." Sceptic as he was, HUXLEY declared that if such a Church were even supported by the State, none would be found to wish it disestablished.

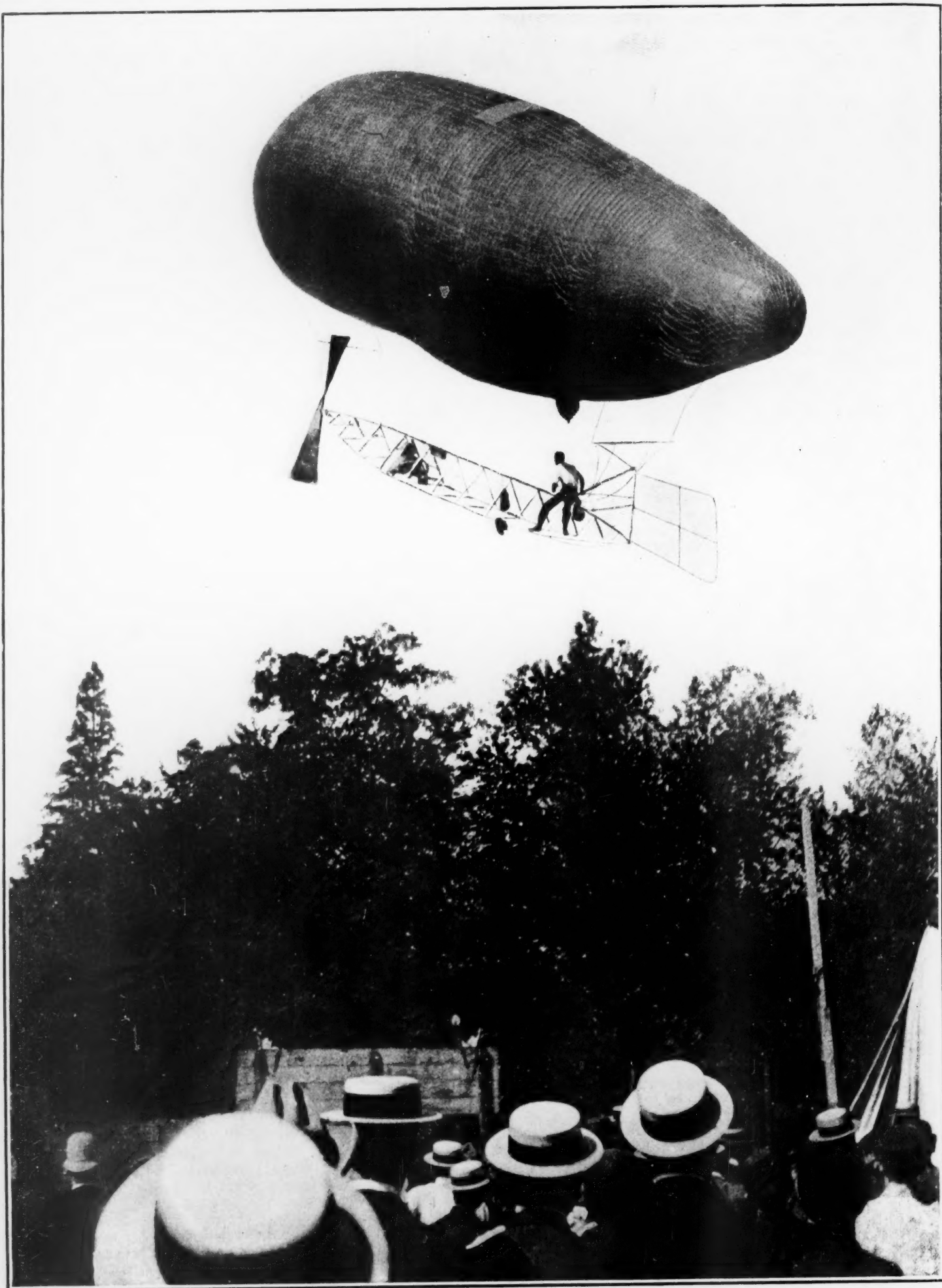
HUXLEY ON
THE CHURCH

THE FLUSH OF EXCITEMENT that follows any broken superstition leads to some shallow theorizing. The removal of restraints has led woman to imitate man, with his different structure and function—to copy his education and work too closely along his lines. The most excessive exhibitions of this kind have probably had their day. The prosperous American girl now takes more exercise and more air, and lives more in the country, than she ever did before; a sound body, firm nerves, and a sane mind will be the consequence; and such physical vigor will express itself in an enjoyment of natural functions. We like to do what we can do easily and well. The class which has been accused of avoiding children is coming to live more as the English aristocrats do, and one of the results will be to make the women of that class have as many children as the corresponding British women have. The decrease in fertility among the prosperous, in the last half century, has been mainly in the cities.

ATHLETICS AND
MOTHERHOOD

CAIN WAS THE FIRST STRIKER, in the opinion of a coal-road President, and he killed ABEL for being prosperous. There is no solution to strikes, because they began with Genesis. "Those writers on the subject of strikes in the magazines, books, and newspapers have had no actual experience, or they would not be so ready to propose theories for the settlement of strikes. They are dreamers." Once we thought there was a principle, covering the whole complicated subject; but Mr. BAER now denies that he ever said Divine Providence had selected him as its special agent for the conduct of railroads in illegal combination with coal fields. Perhaps a word may have slipped in or out, here or there, but does Mr. BAER deny the kernel of the matter—the declaration that Providence, in a general way, is responsible for his business and auspicious toward its conduct? Mr. BAER has become famous over the entire country for his piety, and this identification of the union cause with the eldest curse, the primal brother-murder, shows his reading of the Scripture to have lost nothing of its comfort. The doctrine that the blame for employers' methods is on the Lord, that profits are sacred, and that laborers, or others who interfere with capital, are directly instigated by the Prince of This World, is a doctrine held in one form or another by many pillars of society. Like many doctrines, it is a consolation in time of need.

SCRIPTURE FOR
A PURPOSE



THE FIRST VOYAGE BY AIRSHIP OVER MANHATTAN

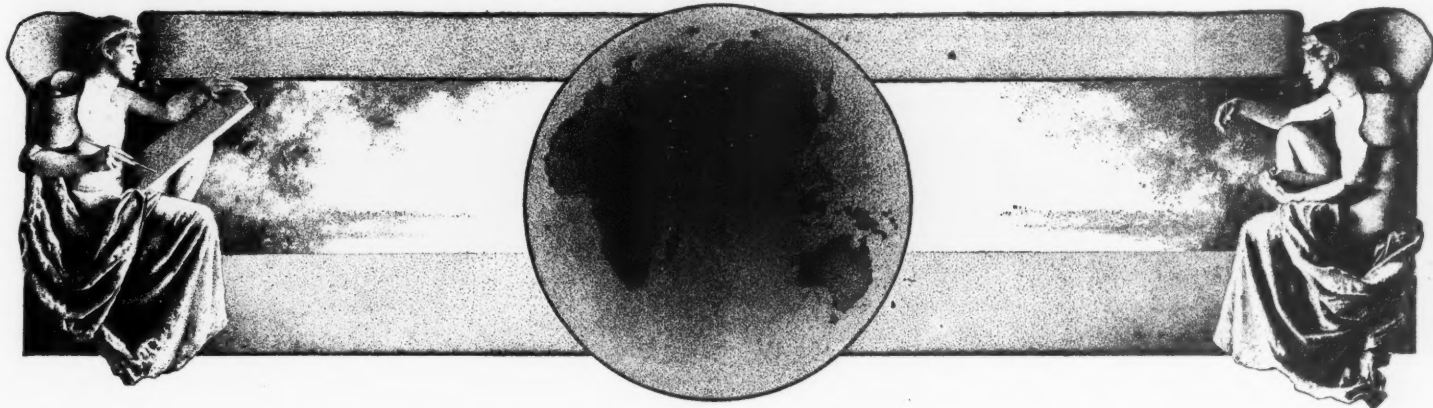
A. Roy Knabenshue, in his dirigible balloon, Toledo No. 2, rising from his starting point at Sixty-second Street and Central Park West. Mr. Knabenshue made two flights from this point—the first, on August 20, to Forty-second Street, and the second, on the 23d, to Eighteenth Street, returning in each case to Central Park. The airship is sixty-two feet long and sixteen feet in diameter. It weighs 200 pounds complete and is supported by 7,000 cubic feet of hydrogen gas. The gas bag is of Japanese silk and weighs 65 pounds. The vessel is drawn along by a two-bladed propeller in the bow, driven by a 10-horsepower gasoline engine weighing 92 pounds

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WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



THE ROOSEVELT PEACE

AFTER THREE WEEKS of tense anxiety, of alternating hope and despair, the Titanic struggle in the Far East was brought to an end on August 29. Portsmouth had become a telephone switchboard for St. Petersburg, Tokio, and Oyster Bay. The plenipotentiaries had long ceased to negotiate. So far as their original powers were concerned they might have been on the way home before the last week of discussion began. They had stayed on the bare possibility that the messages they had been transmitting between the Czar and the Mikado might produce some result. By August 23 the questions at issue had been reduced to the single proposition of the division of Sakhalin, with the payment by Russia of \$600,000,000 for the northern half. The Japanese formally made that offer at the session of the Conference on that day. No action was taken and the meeting adjourned until the 26th. When the Japanese terms were transmitted to St. Petersburg, the response was an emphatic negative. Russia would not pay "one copeck" as indemnity under any disguise. She was willing to pay liberally for the maintenance of the Russian prisoners in Japan, say \$50,000,000, and she would cede half of Sakhalin, but she refused to consider the reimbursement of any part of Japan's war expenses, however delicately the matter might be phrased. Repeated messages from President Roosevelt to the Czar urging concessions produced no effect. At the meeting of the Conference on the 26th, even the secretaries were excluded, and no record was made of the proceedings. When the Japanese received the Russian refusal they asked for an adjournment until the 28th, and then until the 29th. Under pressure from abroad the resolution of the Mikado's Government finally began to waver. Thoughtful Japanese did not relish being placed in the position of slaughtering thousands of men merely to collect the equivalent of half of Mr. Rockefeller's fortune. If half a million people perished in the renewed war, Japan would seem to be valuing human lives at a trifle over \$1,000 apiece. Accordingly, by the advice of the Elder Statesmen, the Mikado consented to waive an indemnity and to leave the northern half of Sakhalin to Russia. The Russians also saved that part of the Chinese Eastern Railway between Harbin and Chung-chun. Nevertheless Russia's dream of Eastern lordship is ended. She loses her winter access to the sea, and Japan holds all the keys of her one Pacific naval base, frozen half the year.

"CORRECT" COURTESIES

IN POINTED contrast with the recent naval love-making in French, British, and Canadian ports, the ceremonious tour of the British Channel Fleet in German waters recalls the "friendly visits" of the *Maine* to Havana and of the *Viscaya* to New York in February, 1898. The solemnities began at Swinemünde on August 28, and

The Portsmouth Peace Conference has finally agreed upon the terms of a treaty. The Equitable admits wrong-doing, but puts the blame on individuals. President Mitchell, of the United Mine Workers, demands a universal eight-hour day and the recognition of the union in the anthracite mines. An airship has sailed over New York, and President Roosevelt has sailed under the sea

courtesies were exchanged in "highly correct form." The Kaiser took care to welcome his visitors with a fleet as powerful as their own, and the newspapers, it was announced, "carefully avoided saying anything unpleasant." But the real feeling of Germany had been expressed a short time before by "Jugend," of Munich, in some verses which remarked that even if England sent her entire navy to the Baltic, Germans would be all the better pleased, "for then the most abject idiot in the German provinces must understand what need we have, what bitter need, to build many mighty ships." The Kaiser has the knack of turning everything that happens to account. If things go well, his prestige grows; if ill, he has new arguments for his naval and military programmes. In the present case his British adversaries have given him powerful assistance in his enterprise of expanding the German navy.

ONE HONEST MAN—BUT HE IS DEAD

NOW THAT the pervasiveness of "graft" threatens to produce a general cynicism as corroding as the graft itself, anything that shows that there are still some honest men left becomes a matter of public importance. The settlement

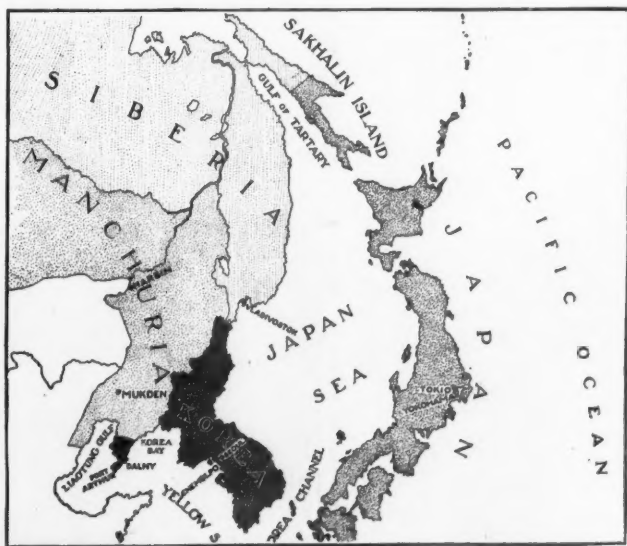
of the estate of the late Colonel Jacob L. Greene, of Hartford, has exposed a case of incorrigible honesty even in the insurance business. Colonel Greene was president of the Connecticut Mutual Insurance Company for twenty-seven years at a salary of \$25,000 a year, but although he controlled the investment of millions and had every opportunity to amass immense wealth, his entire fortune is valued at only fifty thousand dollars—just the cost of Mr. Hyde's private car. The detection and exposure of similar cases of stubborn integrity might enable some clever journalistic detective to make a hit with a world somewhat weary of the odor of rottenness.

EMULATING THE "NAUTILUS"

IN SUBMARINE, as in aerial navigation, the world of fact still lags considerably behind the world of fiction, but Mr. John P. Holland, the inventor of the Holland submarine boat, is pressing hard on the trail of Jules Verne. He has now designed a boat which he expects to reach certainly twenty-five knots and perhaps twenty-nine or thirty, submerged. In smooth water, such a craft, running awash, could overhaul any battleship or cruiser, dive as soon as it reached the danger zone, and torpedo the enemy before it lost his direction under water. If the inventor's expectations are realized, all that will be necessary will be to multiply the new boat's dimensions by three to have a counterpart of the *Nautilus*. Meanwhile President Roosevelt, in spite of his vigorous disavowal of any intention to risk a submarine voyage, has been unable to resist the temptation of enjoying a sensation never previously experienced by any head of a State. He personally took part in the test of the *Plunger*, which he had been expected merely to witness from above, sank to a depth of forty feet in the Sound, saw all sorts of submarine manoeuvres, some of them in total darkness, and stayed under water fifty-five minutes in all. As a thoughtful concession to prudence, the naval authorities had fastened eye bolts to the *Plunger*, so that the world might not have the unparalleled sensation of a half-hourly succession of red extras describing futile attempts at fishing for the President of the United States with slippery grappling irons at the bottom of the Sound.

ON THE INSURANCE FIRING LINE

WITHOUT AWAITING the opening of the Legislative investigation of the insurance scandals, Mr. James H. Hyde has been disposing of his property in this country. He has sold his magnificent country estate, "The Oaks"; his private car "Bayshore," said to be the finest in America, and his stock in the numerous corporations which sought him as a director when his name was more valuable than it is now. The Leg-



THE RESULTS OF THE PEACE OF PORTSMOUTH

Manchuria—Nominally restored to China, but really Japanese.
Liaotung Peninsula—Nominally leased from China, but really Japanese.

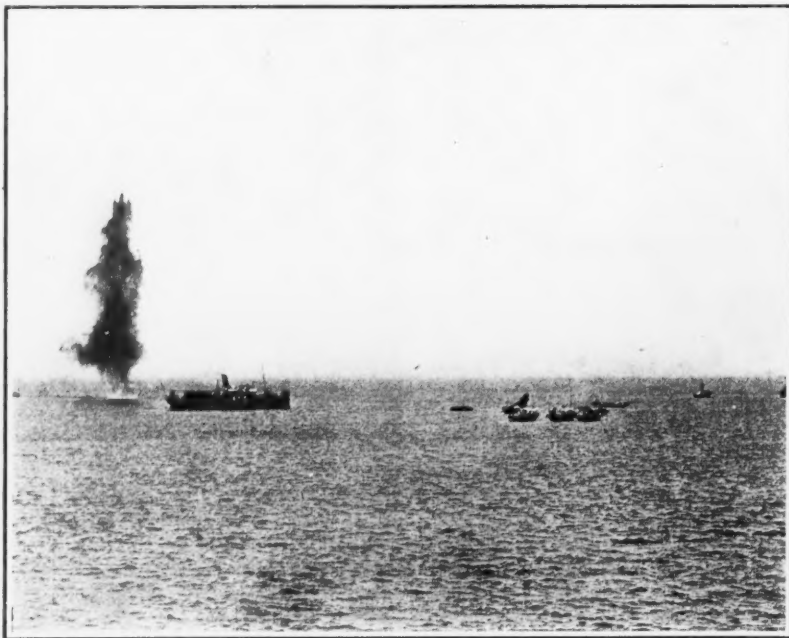
Korea—Nominally independent, but really Japanese.
Sakhalin south of 50 degrees north latitude—Ceded to Japan.

islative Committee began its preparations for investigating the extravagant expenses of insurance companies by giving to a group of political stenographers the contract for reporting the proceedings at a rate about eight times as high as that for which a business stenographic firm offered to do the work under bond. Two reports on the insurance question were submitted to the American Bar Association by its Insurance Law Committee on August 25—a majority report which held that all insurance, life, fire, and accident, should be put under Federal supervision, and a minority report which maintained that the insurance business was not interstate commerce, and that its control was beyond the powers of the Federal Government. The Association left the question open for its new committee. On August 25 the Equitable filed its answer to the State's suit against the company and its individual directors. The answer admitted the truth of some of the charges, but alleged that the acts had been committed by certain directors and officials without the knowledge of the rest. The defendant society therefore took the unusual course of joining in the prayer of the plaintiff, submitting "its rights and interests in the matters in question to the judgment of the court." The answer repudiates the queer Mercantile Trust loan of \$685,000, saying that the transaction never came before the Board of Directors and was known only to James W. Alexander, Thomas D. Jordan, and Henry C. Deming, and perhaps to a few other individual defendants whom it is now impossible to identify. It adds that the money was paid to the Trust Company by some persons unknown after the claim had been resisted and disallowed by the present officers of the society. The Attorney-General's allegation that the surplus of over \$10,000,000 belongs to the policy-holders is not admitted by the society, which says that this question is now under investigation by the officers and directors, as well as in the Lord suit, and that "the future regulations and conduct of this defendant in respect to the computation of the equitable interest of the policy-holders in said sums or surplus will be governed by the judicial determination of the questions involved."

HOPE FOR CONSUMPTIVES

THE HOPES OF CONSUMPTIVES have been so often raised by the announcement of magic cures which end by leaving the death rate unchanged that alleged discoveries of this sort are received with caution. But the experiments of Dr. John F. Russell, at the New York Post-Graduate Hos-

pital, seem to be of unusual promise. They have had such success that the hospital has sent a private circular to physicians recommending Dr. Russell's treatment, which, it is alleged, has already effected fifty cures. The treatment is based upon the principle of building up the system to



DESTROYING A FLOATING MINE IN THE YELLOW SEA

The mines adrift in the waters on which Russia and Japan fought out the issue of naval supremacy are so dangerous that many merchant vessels sailing from Chinese and Japanese ports have been equipped with guns for their destruction.

enable it to resist the tubercle bacilli. The patients eat as much as possible of nourishing food and after each meal drink two ounces of the juice of vegetables ground together in a pulp. This extract is made from raw potatoes, onions, beets, turnips, cabbages, sweet potatoes, apples, pineapples, carrots, parsnips, rhubarb, summer squash, tomatoes, spinach, radishes, string beans, and green peas in the pod. In the confidential circular by which Dr. Russell's discovery has been made public, the authorities of the hospital express the opinion that it "may lead to a means by which everybody may be rendered immune from the deadly tubercle bacilli, just as vaccination safeguards from smallpox." In any case the new treatment can do no harm, as might be feared from the widely heralded iodine cure of Professor Levi of Milan; and it does not lend itself to exploitation by patent-medicine quacks. Good eating and vegetable juice are not mysteries that would pay for extensive advertising. It is hardly necessary to say that a genuine cure for consumption would be the greatest triumph medicine has ever won. Compared with the unremitting ravages of that plague, epidemics of yellow fever, smallpox, and cholera are trivial. Consumption costs America more than a life every five minutes, and in some places it is responsible for a fifth of the entire death-roll.

PREPARING FOR TROUBLE

UNLESS THE ANTHRACITE miners or the operators change their views the country may be called upon next spring to endure a coal strike that will efface the memory of the disastrous contest of

1902. In a speech at Tamaqua, Pennsylvania, on August 27, President Mitchell, of the United Mine Workers, gave fair warning of the intentions of his organization. He said that when the time came to make a new wage agreement to replace the one which would expire on the first of next April, he would demand the recognition of the union and an eight-hour day. He considered these conditions essential to industrial peace. In 1898, he reminded his audience, the union had been recognized in the bituminous fields, and there had been no strikes there since. "What we want to do," continued Mr. Mitchell, "is to have the union recognized in the anthracite region, so that we can say to Baer: 'Here is the labor of 150,000 men and boys. We want so much for it, and you can take it or leave it,' and he will take it, because he can't get along without us." Unless the operators experience a change of heart, it is practically certain that they will not accept these terms without a trial of

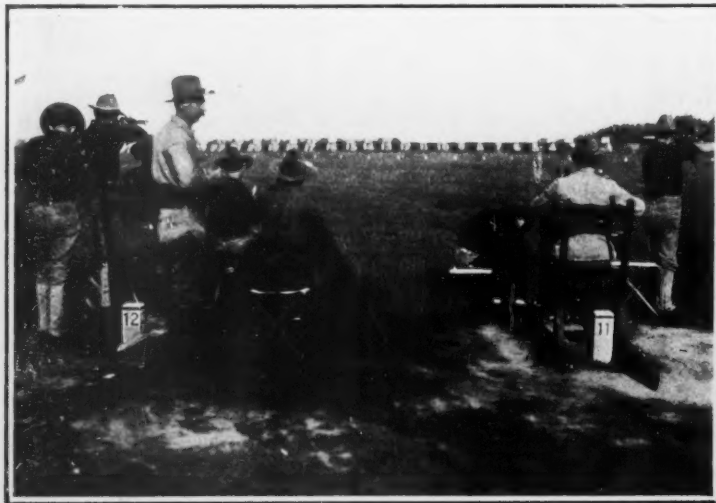
strength. Forehanded persons accordingly will lay in their supply of coal for the winter of 1906-7 before next April.

RIFLEMEN AT SEA GIRT

SIR CONAN DOYLE and his disciples, who hold that a nation is to be saved by rifle clubs, would congratulate America upon the extraordinary interest aroused by the annual matches of the National Rifle Association, which began at Sea Girt on August 24, and were scheduled to last two and a half weeks. The competition was on a scale never approached before. The rules had fixed a minimum of thirty-six entries for the individual matches, but to the astonishment of the officials 657 contestants presented themselves, and it was necessary to shoot in twenty-one relays.

THE "BENNINGTON" DISCLOSURES

THE REPORT of the court of inquiry upon the *Bennington* disaster discloses a state of negligence and incompetence so gross as to engender the gravest apprehensions concerning the conditions in the engine rooms of all our warships. It appears from the findings of the court that the *Bennington's* boiler did not burst accidentally, but was



The team representing the District of Columbia at practice



Captain G. E. Cook, winner of last year's cup, coaching the Maryland contestants

THE GREAT RIFLE TOURNAMENT AT SEA GIRT

This year's matches of the National Rifle Association have five times as many competitors as last year's. There are thirty-seven teams, representing the army, navy, and militia from Maine to Hawaii

deliberately blown up by increasing the pressure in it to a point at which something had to give way. Tests of the ruptured metal showed that it was in good condition. The steam gauge had been carelessly cut off and failed to register any pressure, and nobody noticed this peculiarity, notwithstanding the fact that the stokers had been crowding the fires and that the adjoining boiler showed a pressure of one hundred and thirty-five pounds to the square inch. There is no evidence that the safety valves were in working order, and no record of their having been overhauled within a year, although orders had been given to have this done last March. The court finds an oiler, a fireman, and a chief machinist's mate, all of whom are dead, directly responsible for the criminal blunders that caused the explosion, and it recommends that the young ensign, Charles T. Wade, who was in charge of the ship's machinery, be tried by court-martial for neglect of duty in accepting verbal reports of subordinates that the safety valves had been overhauled instead of attending to the matter in person. The lamentable state of things on the *Bennington*, with the machinery at the mercy of careless mechanics, under the nominal supervision of an indifferent line officer, suggests Spanish rather than American naval traditions. It can hardly be due to anything but the destruction of our old skilled Engineer Corps by the unfortunate Personnel Act, and it raises painful reflections about the possible happenings if a fleet in such a condition should have to go into battle with an efficient enemy.

NEW YORK ANNEXED TO AMERICA

WITH THE COMPLETION of the twin tunnels of the New York and New Jersey Railroad under the North River, Manhattan Island has been annexed to the mainland of North America. These tunnels make it possible, for the first time in history, to go direct from the metropolis to the West without leaving solid ground. When President McAdoo's plans are all carried out, there will be another pair of tunnels running from the Pennsylvania Railroad terminal in Jersey City to the foot of Cortlandt Street, a system on the New Jersey side connecting the stations of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, the Pennsylvania, the Erie, and the Lackawanna, a line in Manhattan running up Sixth Avenue to Thirty-third Street, and another across Ninth to Astor Place. By means of a connection with the present subways, passengers can then be taken without change from the Grand Central Station in New York, or from the Flatbush Avenue Station in Brooklyn, to any of the terminals in New Jersey. The New York and New Jersey Company will have a great union station in Manhattan, in which the roads running through Jersey City and Hoboken will have ticket offices and baggage rooms, so that baggage may be checked through from New York to all points on their lines. Although the walking under the North River is now fairly good, the trains that are to take passengers from New York to New Jersey in three minutes will not be running for another year.

A PROPOSED PROVINCIAL MERGER

THE MARITIME BOARD OF TRADE, in its meeting at Yarmouth, has launched the project of a union of the three Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island. The Maritime Provinces, with a small and stationary population, have now to support the burden of three governments and three legislatures. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have practically no more people now than they had twenty years ago. Prince Edward Island has fewer. Together the three Provinces had 893,953 inhabitants in 1901—considerably more than the State of Maine. By union they would lighten their taxes, postpone their coming eclipse by the great Northwestern

Empire, and possibly check the drain of their young people to the United States. They would remain for some time the third Province of the Dominion. But sentiment is by no means unanimous for the change. In Prince Edward Island, especially, political union is considered less im-

pened that every one of them was built on the Great Lakes. Not a single steel steamer, large or small, hailing from the seacoast of the United States, was added to our merchant marine in that time, and the largest American steamer of any kind built on salt water and numbered within that period was a wooden stern-wheeler of 419 tons launched at Seattle, and evidently destined for inland use.

LEGAL MORALS

AS CAPITALISTS ARE becoming sensitive on the subject of tainted money, lawyers are growing sensitive upon that of tainted legal ethics. At the annual meeting of the American Bar Association at Narragansett Pier, beginning August 23, this was one of the first topics touched upon. The president of the association, Mr. Henry St. George Tucker of Virginia, quoted President Roosevelt's remark that influential members of the bar often made it "their special task to work out bold and ingenious schemes by which their very wealthy clients, individual or corporate, can evade the laws which are made to regulate, in the interest of the public, the use of great wealth." Mr. Tucker called upon the association to purge the bar of its unworthy members, and suggested that the character

of the profession should be built up by molding the plastic minds of the students in the law schools. In one respect, however, he failed to grasp the actual situation. He observed: "Instances of irregularity and dishonesty will only be known to those of the local bar where the derelict conducts his immoral practices." On the contrary, it is precisely because the sale of brains and consciences for immoral ends is of national notoriety, and committed by men who are regarded as models by the novices of the profession, that the evil is so dangerous.

FLYING OVER NEW YORK

THE AIRSHIP in which A. Roy Knabenshue made two ascents in New York in the latter part of August did not mark in itself any particular advance over the dirigible balloons employed by Santos-Dumont and others for years past. But as the first aerial cruises ever witnessed by the inhabitants of Manhattan, to many of whom a thing's existence dates from its first appearance in New York, these voyages assumed the proportions of a historical event. The eager excitement in which the whole city dropped its work, turned its collective face to the sky, and stormed the Central Park lawns and flower beds when the aeronaut descended, gave a revealing hint of the fame and rewards that await the genius who shall put aerial navigation on a commercial basis. Mr. Knabenshue thinks that, although the practical airship has not yet arrived, the market is not going to wait for it. He announces his intention of beginning at once to build flying machines to order. "I know," he remarks, "that there are great numbers of people who wish to have airships of their own. . . . I expect that the airship will soon take the place now held by the automobile in popular esteem, as the automobile succeeded the bicycle."

NO BOYCOTT IN MANCHURIA

CONSUL SAMMONS, of Newchwang, reports that the boycott of American goods has not taken root in Manchuria, although an attempt was made to organize it from Shanghai. American goods are selling in that region on their merits. The Chinese merchants, who know exactly what things are worth, buy American cottons because they are the best in the market, made for wear and not for show. Now that the Russians have been driven out of Manchuria, American kerosene has a clear field and the unprecedented sales of 1904 will be outdone.



A SHORT TURN IN THE NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY TUNNEL

This curve, of 150 feet radius, under Morton and Greenwich Streets, is the sharpest ever made in shield boring. The tunnel passes under a house whose occupants did not know that anything was going on until the work was over.

portant than physical union by a tunnel under Northumberland Strait. The island is willing enough to unite with the other Provinces if they will help it to get its tunnel, but the ultimatum of the islanders is, "No tunnel, no union." The justice of the island's demand is generally recognized, but the taxpayers of the other Provinces are staggered by the cost of a work that would be by far the greatest of its kind ever undertaken.

OUR FRESH-WATER MARINE

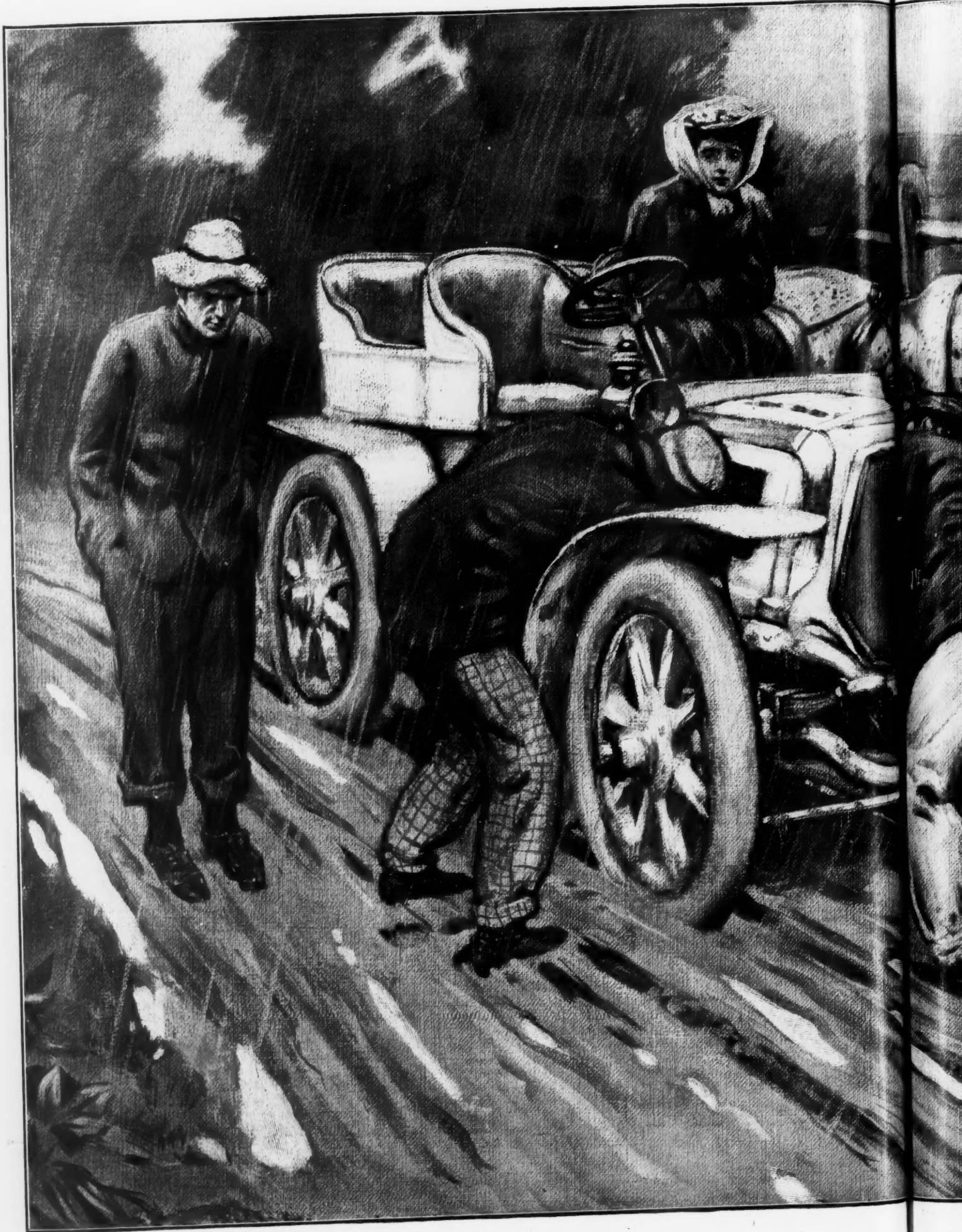
THE RETURNS of vessels officially numbered in the United States for the first two weeks of August show with rather startling clearness where the American merchant marine is really



A DIFFIDENT SUGGESTION

Submitted in case the President should contemplate the selection of a new head for the Department of Agriculture
Drawn by E. W. Kemble

alive. In the time covered by this report, four steel steamers, ranging from 4,544 to 6,524 tons, besides a little one of 203 tons, were documented—a pretty fair showing for two weeks. Only it hap-



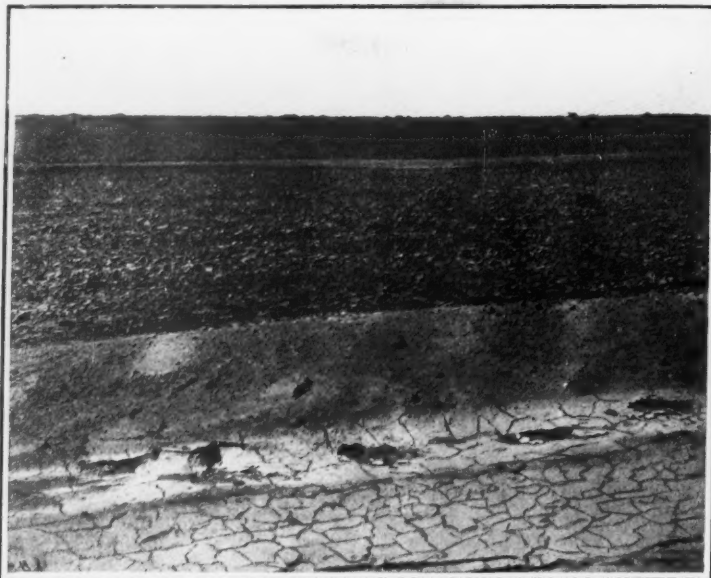
SAYING H

DRAWN BY W. P. PLET

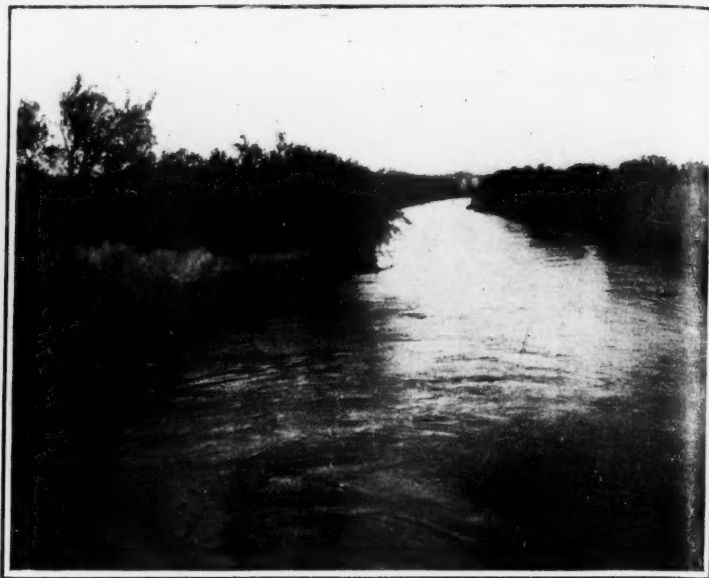


N G T H I N G S

Y W A L P P L E T O N C L A R K



A field in the Imperial Valley, formerly part of the Colorado Desert of Southern California



The New River, which carries the overflow of the Colorado through Mexico into the Imperial Valley

THE LEVEL DESERT PLOWED AND WAITING FOR ITS FIRST DRINK, AND THE IRRIGATING STREAM FROM WHICH IT IS TO BE DRAWN

PIONEERS OF THE DRY PLACES

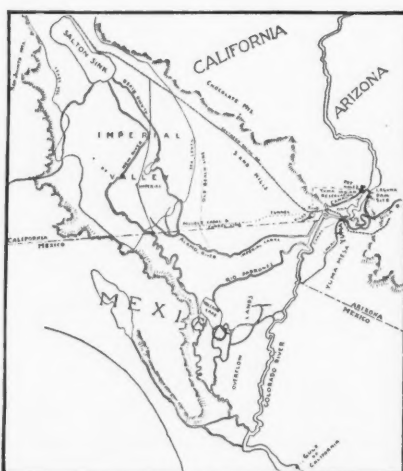
The third of a series of articles describing the work of the United States Reclamation Service in the arid West. The last article described the Roosevelt Dam in Arizona; the next will tell of the finished work of irrigation as revealed in California

BY ARTHUR RUHL

III.—YUMA AND THE SUNKEN DESERT

THE town of Yuma, in the southwestern corner of Arizona, is one of the earth's hot places. It is no more uncomfortable—because of the extremely dry air—than New York City is in one of those muggy summer weeks when people sleep on the grass in the parks and small boys go swimming in the public fountains without getting arrested, but the mercury behaves scandalously, and has given Yuma a reputation. No matter where you are traveling in the Southwest, if you happen to remark upon the heat, your host, or the Pullman conductor, or the man across the table in the dining-car, will smile upon you in a fatherly way and say, "Ha! wait till you get to Yuma!" The ancient anecdote about the man who went back for his overcoat was first told about Yuma, and they say that the ground about there gets so hot that the little desert lizards have to turn over on their backs every little while and wriggle their feet in the air until they have cooled off enough and they can turn back and run on again.

Across the river from Yuma begins what used to be known as the Colorado Desert. It is a flat waste, mostly below sea level, some fifty to one hundred miles across, hemmed in by ghostly sand dunes and barren mountains covered with uncanny-looking volcanic rock, and across it a hot wind breathes up from the Gulf of California precisely like the breath from an open oven door. This is another hot place. At Yuma, in the summer, nobody feels worried to have the mercury hover round 115 degrees. Over in the "desert," which is now rapidly becoming no desert at all, very conservative and self-respecting thermometers go up to 110 degrees and think nothing of it, while other instruments—those which in the wintry north are known as "milkmen's thermometers"—soar much higher. At breakfast in the little hotel in Imperial last June I asked the man sitting next to me if they had had a warm spring. "Well," said he with a sort of cheerful regret, as one determined to make the best of a bad matter, "not what you'd really call hot. We haven't been able to get it above one hundred and fifteen yet." When I asked him if this wasn't a bit wearing he replied, "Never goes above a hundred and twenty-eight here and that don't bother me!" It rains round Yuma and Imperial about three inches in the whole year—one good shower in the East. When you recall that El Paso, which is reckoned to be in the "desert," too, has more than three times as much as this, you can gather that the neighborhood is "some dry." It is so dry, indeed, and so hot that what little rain falls disappears at once, and for all practical purposes it might almost as well not rain at all. So rapid is evaporation that the temperature at the side of a field of alfalfa across which a wind is blowing, and upon which irrigation water is being flooded, may be five degrees lower than that on the other. You may fall into an irrigation ditch, crawl out, and the water will dry out of your



IRRIGABLE LANDS ALONG THE LOWER COLORADO

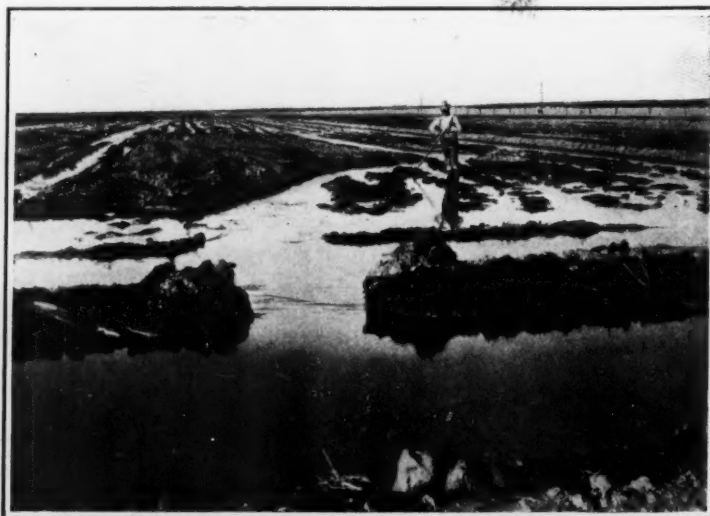
clothes so fast that you will feel actually cold, although the thermometer stands at 115 degrees in the shade. In such a climate, if the apparently lifeless soil happens really to be fertile, all that is needed, obviously, is plenty of water to turn the whole country into one

vast forcing hot-house. The soil does happen to be fertile—as fertile as that of the Nile Valley, and built up in a similar way. The Colorado offers no end of water. And this whole country of the Imperial Valley and the Colorado delta is, indeed, one great hot-house without the steam pipes and the glass. Having said which, by way of preface, we may now go back to the beginning of things and consider for a moment the career of the ancient and honorable stream which has brought this about, which has wrought miracles since men first heard of it and still is working them.

The Colorado gathers its strength in the mountains of Wyoming, Utah, and Colorado, and after boring through hundreds of miles of canyons settles itself with dignity and repose into the warm waters of the Gulf of California. White men have known of it almost as long as they have known of America. Only forty-eight years after the landing of Columbus, the gentlemen adventurers of Spain wandered through this land of mystery, De Cardenas coming out on the rim of the Grand Canyon after crossing the Painted Desert from Zuni, and Alarcon sailing up from the Gulf. It is two thousand miles long—rather more than as far as from New York to Chicago and back again—and for somewhat over one hundred miles of its lower course it is navigable. In its middle journey it booms for a thousand miles through canyons which, in places, are a mile deep and thirteen miles across from rim to rim—a part of the world which some have ventured to paint and to describe, but before which it would better become the best of them to lay aside their brushes and pens and meditate on the littleness of man. In its lower course, where it leaves the canyons, and flows between southwestern Arizona and southeastern California, this versatile stream, as if not satisfied with the

work of awful beauty which it has left behind, turns to practical utility and becomes—as we put it—more useful, by building up a fertile delta and ministering to man's comfort and physical needs. It flows, in other words, through a comparatively level valley, on the floor of which it has deposited through all these years, just as the Nile deposits each year at its flood period, the pulverized rocks and earth which it has ground out along its upper course. The Colorado brings down each year enough silt to cover sixty-two square miles one foot deep with compact alluvial soil, and it is in the vagaries of its delta that we witness the most extraordinary performances of this most extraordinary river.

In the beginning, the land that the maps still call the Colorado Desert was at the bottom of the ocean—an arm of the Gulf of California stretching northwestward to the feet of the San Jacinto and the San Bernardino Mountains. To-day this desert and the farms and towns of what is now called the Imperial Valley lie only slightly above or actually below sea level, the land sloping northward for one hundred miles to the Salton Sink, two hundred and sixty-three feet below the level of the sea. Into this gulf the Colorado steadily threw its mighty burden of silt—the



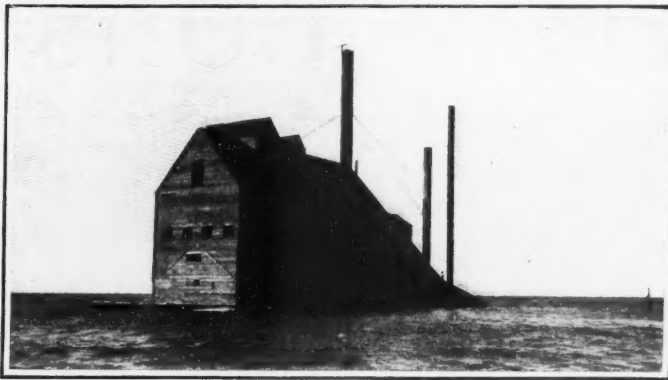
GIVING THE DUSTY DESERT SOIL ITS FIRST DRENCHING

"This fight with the land—by day, in the white heat, plodding over 'mesquite mines' and greasewood with a railroad rail scraper, or wading about in the pasty mud as the water is turned on"

ground-up mountains of Arizona and Utah and Colorado—until finally, with the help, perhaps, of some crustal elevation, a dike was built clear across the arm of salt water from Yuma over to the Cocopahs in Lower California. The upper part of the gulf became an inclosed salt lake. This lake dried up, and all that is left now to show the parentage of the ocean is the salty morass at the northwestern end known as the Salton Sink, the old line of the beach and its sea shells, and the level floor of what was once the bottom of the sea. The final result is a river flowing between banks of its own building, which, as soon as a flood makes it high enough, it overflows and goes gallivanting off backward into the sunken desert. And a traveler on his way through southern California this summer could have the unique and puzzling experience of leaving Yuma and the Colorado flowing southward, riding one hundred miles northward across a shimmering alkali desert, and then suddenly finding the railroad tracks inundated by a fresh-water sea, and seeing a mysterious muddy river flowing northward which had come from the Colorado by way of Mexico, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. When you have studied the thing out with a relief map it is simple enough, but to the casual spectator it seems about as extraordinary as it would to have farms in western New York State flooded by the Hudson. These two tracts—the far-off sunken desert and the delta bordering the main river—are the land now being reclaimed by the Colorado. The first project was undertaken by a private organization, the latter is being put through by the Government. Nominally, they have nothing in common, but, because of their common source of water supply, we shall here consider them together.

The Government's work is in the neighborhood of Yuma, the principal town on the river between the canyon and the Gulf, and the natural centre and distributing point for a great area of level and very fertile land. Yuma is the place where the overland traveler, on his first trip to California, looks out of his Pullman at night, and, seeing a lot of lanterns twinkling interestingly in the darkness, lighting up gaudy blankets and the wrinkled, painted faces of Indians squatted behind them, selling beads and baskets, feels that he is really beholding the West. The new canals are to reclaim the lands in the Yuma Indian reservation, just across the river in California, the alluvial flats bordering the river and the high mesa to the south of the town stretching as far as one can see toward Mexico—in all some 130,000 acres. There are now under cultivation about Yuma somewhat over 10,000 acres. The climate is so hot that when water is put on the soil things spring up riotously—probably the earliest vegetables in the country can be matured here, figs and the citrus fruits grow cheerfully, and with good luck the alfalfa farmers can cut seven or eight crops a year—from ten to twelve tons to the acre. The first work of the engineers will be to pump water to the high mesa southeast of town and turn into orchards some 25,000 acres now baking uselessly in the sun.

The dam will be built at the Pot Holes, near Laguna, about ten miles above town. The Colorado being at all seasons of the year an able-bodied stream, there is no necessity of impounding a vast lake of water to last through the summer; indeed, the character of the river-bed here would not permit the building of a narrow lofty structure of a monolithic character. The problem is similar to that met by British engineers in India on rivers with soft beds, and it will be similarly solved. A low diversion dam will be built, 19 feet high and 4,780 feet—over seven-eighths of a mile—wide. This low weir—226 feet wide, up and down stream—



SALT WORKS NEAR SALTON FLOODED BY WATER FROM THE COLORADO



REMOVING SOUTHERN PACIFIC TELEGRAPH POLES TO SAVE THE WOOD

The overflow of the Colorado River this summer created this phenomenon of a lake, eighty miles long and thirty miles wide, covering the Salton Sink—a salt desert two hundred and sixty feet below sea level. This water had left a river flowing southward and flowed northward nearly two hundred miles

will be made of heavy bowlders, reinforced at either end and in the middle by cement partitions or "cores" extending transversely across the stream, the whole tapering down from 19 feet in height at the upstream end to the river-bed at the downstream end, somewhat after the manner of a natural sandbar.

The dam will make a settling basin ten miles long and with a maximum width of $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles. A delta-builder such as the Colorado is, of course, a dangerous thing to turn into comparatively small canals, and the first problem to be met in diverting the river was the handling of the sediment. At each end of the dam wide sluiceways will be cut through solid rock. Down such paths the bulk of the silt will naturally flow. The irrigation canals proper will only skim off the upper foot of water from the sluiceways. The first 3,000 feet of these canals will, moreover, be so wide and so slightly inclined that the flow will be slower than one foot per second, and most of the sediment which has slipped through the "skimming" process will drop to the bottom. As a last precaution, it will be made possible to scour out these settling drains and the big sluiceways by merely turning in the river with its 30,000 cubic feet per second.

One canal will run down the California side of the river through the reservation, the other will be carried down the Arizona side to the Gila, which, to avoid the spring floods of that volatile stream, it will dive under in a great steel and cement tunnel over half a mile long, coming up on the southern side. Then it will swing round toward Yuma and thence southward, paralleling the Colorado to the Mexico line some twenty miles or so below the town. The total length of the main canals and their main laterals will be about 175 miles.

Were we able now to make the "Gadsden Purchase"

over again, we would not throw away one of the richest deltas in the world, and give Mexico the ocean entrance of a river two thousand miles long, all but fifty miles of which is on American soil. The priceless silt which has been scoured from half a dozen States would not now be heaped up each year as an ill-used gift to the lands below the border, and white men might be building their homes and farms from Yuma clear down to the ocean. It is a curious country, this land of the overflows. In the spring and summer cattle range over it, feeding on the rich herbage that springs up as soon as the floods subside. There are mires and mud-holes everywhere, and from sunrise until dark the cowboys and their ponies, almost never dry, covered with pasty ooze, work like ambulance surgeons at a caved-in building, lassoing the stupid steers and pulling them out by main strength when they have resigned themselves to "boggling down." Here and there on the dry patches the Cocopahs scratch the earth and raise little Jack-and-the-beanstalk crops, just as they used to do hundreds of years ago, just as the Egyptians did when Father Nile withdrew his waters. What might be done with this country were proper canals and dikes put through is, unluckily, no longer a concern of those Americans who, first of all, wish to build their homes on American soil. And for this the water has been carried round-about and northward across the line, past the ghostly Superstition Mountains, over the trails where the pioneers used to die of thirst in the old days, to the sunken land of drifting sand dunes and salt sinks.

Just below Pilot Knob, near Yuma, where the Southern Pacific cuts through the hills and strikes out across the desert, the canal that is to feed the Imperial Valley, fifty miles away, leaves the Colorado. During the floods of the past summer the entrance to it was ripped out and a stream over one hundred feet wide and fifteen feet deep went bowling down into the sink until the little papers of the valley had to tell their worried subscribers every week that the whole Colorado wasn't going to about-face and pour down upon them. More playful comments appeared in bigger journals, safely distant in Los Angeles or San Francisco:

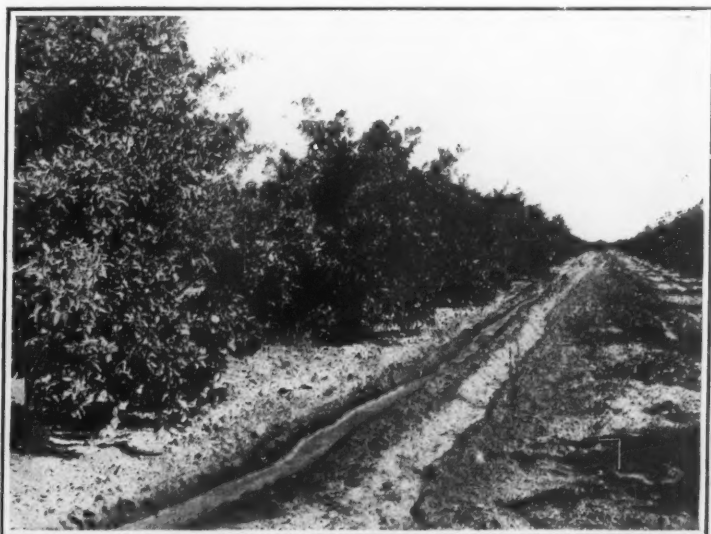
"The sea has come into its own again down in the Salton basin, on the Colorado desert. Where the ichthyosauri and plesiosauri and other little and big sauri disported several kalpas ago, the waves again break on the ancient beaches, and that stranded Spanish galleon of the desert which was last spoken by Joaquin Miller may come drifting to port again if it is not crumbled dust. Beachcombers down that way say that one can now sail from Salton to very near Imperial. Men who have lived there under the lure of the desert for years are becoming restless. They find it is becoming too salubrious. A fleet of catboats affords amusement to the few white men at Salton, and the Indians gaze out over the new ocean and crone their old legends about the end of the world approaching."

But in ordinary times the canal runs over to the Alamo River, and follows its bed up the eastern side of the Imperial Valley, while another stream, leaving the Colorado further down as the Rio Padrones enters Volcano Lake, and flowing out as the New River, when the waters are high enough, runs up the western side of the valley. It was the Forty-niners who discovered the New. They said good-bye to water at Pilot Knob, and struck out across the desert—there'd been no water there in '47, when Kearney and his men from Fort Leavenworth went through—and when they stumbled on a yellow flood streaming northward between the mesquites, there was nothing left but to call it "New." These two streams feed the valley.

(Continued on page 22)



STACKING THIRD CROP OF ALFALFA HAY IN JUNE, NEAR YUMA



ORANGE ORCHARD ON YUMA MESA IRRIGATED BY PUMPING

A BELATED CONSCIENCE



BY
FLORENCE
CONVERSE

WITH PICTURES BY
EDWIN B. CHILD

A ROW of gaudy hanging baskets swayed on a string between the stovepipe and the wooden knob at the head of the bed. The floor was littered with scraps of bright cambric. John Ryan, standing in the middle of the room, tore a yard of sky-blue silesia mechanically into two-inch strips with a steady, rasping sound, and his wife, seated at the wooden table, frayed the edges of similar rose-colored strips. Her apparatus was simple: a hatpin to fasten one end of the strip to the table, a stout needle to start the ravelings. When she had frayed the edges till only a narrow core of cloth was left, she twirled the strip into a feathery spiral, allowed it to double on itself, and tossed it on a fluffy, many-colored heap of cambric beside her on the table. The ravelings fell on the floor, in her lap. Her hair was full of them, and it was pretty hair, chestnut colored, parted in the middle, rolled at the sides, and coiled up and down at the back of her head and low on her neck in a great loose figure eight. Her profile, silhouetted against the light, was very pure and dignified and sad. As she worked she chewed—not gum—a little ball of ravelings. John Ryan sucked an empty pipe. The room was a garret, lighted by one dormer window, under which the table had been pushed. There was a cooking-stove with no fire in it, a bed with no blankets on it, a bureau without a looking-glass. Everything was clean, with the gray cleanliness of poverty and over-use.

John Ryan tore apart his last four inches of sky-blue silesia, hung them with the others over the back of a chair, and looked around the room.

"Where's that kid?" he asked abruptly.

His wife pushed up the window a little way and craned her neck out over the sill. A moment—and she drew back as if she had been struck; misery in her eyes.

"Oh, Lord, John; he's at the swill!" she said.

With a snarl the man had bounded across the room and flung the window wide. Down in one corner of the dirty back yard, a little, ragged, three-year-old boy stood on tiptoe fumbling with the moist contents of a full swill barrel.

"Johnnie!" roared his father savagely, "get out of that!"

The child turned a startled face up to the sky, and involuntarily the man's voice softened: "Come up here. I want you!"

Then he vented his anger on the window and pushed it down with a bang.

Presently there were little pattering, jerky steps on the stairs outside the door, and a subdued accompaniment of whimpering. Johnnie came into the room with his features drawn into position for a burst of tears, and a large piece of wet, dirty bread in one hand. The next instant the bread had been snatched

away and hurled over his head through the open door. He heard it fall with a flop at the bottom of the attic stairs. The tears overflowed.

Johnnie's father slammed the door with one hand while he jerked his son's chin upward with the other.

"Look at me!" he shouted, glaring at the bewildered face, the swimming eyes. "Do you want me to lick you? Well, the next time I ketch you eatin' garbage I'll lick you till you can't sit down for a week."

Johnnie's face was as expressionless as a little piece of dirty white dough. His tears trickled down his chin and through his father's fingers. Again the ferocity died out of the angry voice: "Don't you know it's only little dogs and cats that eats out of swill barrels? Do you want to be a little dog with fleas all over you?"

"No-o-o!" sobbed the baby.

"Then don't you eat no more garbage, else you will be. Now go to your mother and tell her to wipe your eyes."

The child thrust his head up between his mother's busy arms, and she gathered him into her lap and smoothed his rough yellow hair. He had big blue eyes, like hers, with dark lashes.

"Listen, Johnnie! Mamma's got a piece of bread for you up there on the shelf; but if you eat it now you won't have none for supper—you don't want it now."

Held by his mother's eyes, Johnnie shook his head

slowly in hypnotic obedience, but his mouth quivered dubiously.

"That's a good boy!" His mother kissed him. "You ain't hungry."

He did not contradict, but he laid one dirty little hand on her lips: "What you eatin', mamma?"

"Nothin', darlin', I'm just chewin' ravelin's, that's all."

"Can't I have some?"

"No, you'd swallow them."

"No, I wouldn't."

"Yes, you would, too. They ain't got no taste. Look! I'll spit 'em out—there! Now, you get down and make me a pretty rainbow on the floor. Show me which is blue."

Johnnie slid to his feet and surveyed the bright scraps all around him, at first listlessly, then with a slowly awakening interest which gradually settled into judicial contemplation. His mother had gone back to her work, but his father, in the act of gluing a fuzzy border upon the pasteboard skeleton of a hanging basket, paused to watch him.

"Diss, boo," said Johnnie at last, picking up a piece of blue cambric.

"Now, green," said his father with a pleased look of triumph.

"Gheen!" cried Johnnie, warming to his work. A little pink color had come into his cheeks, his mouth opened in a broad, enchanting smile.

"Red!" His father's voice was exultant.

"Wed!" Johnnie swooped, caught up two tangled bits—red and pink—rejected the pink and waved the red.

His father and mother exchanged a glance of pride. "Now, you put all them colors in piles," his mother directed; "a pile of red, and a pile of pink, and yellow, and blue, and green, and purple—"

"An' white," volunteered Johnnie.

"Yes, and white, and then you can make the rainbow. Go on, now!"

There was silence until the steady ticking of the cheap alarm clock on the bureau began to drum insistently upon the stillness.

"That might as well go next," said Ryan, glancing at the clock. "I'll take it over to Rosenheim's 's afternoon when I go out with the baskets."

"But if you was to get an early job," faltered his wife, "you'll need it to wake you."

"Oh, yes, if!" he sneered.

There's Johnnie's Roosian blouse suit his Uncle Mike give him for Christmas; it's like new; it would bring somethin'."

"I tell you, no!" cried the man. "I'll take the clock."

Johnnie had marshaled his colors in heaps and was now engaged in placing the blue scraps edge to edge in a long wavy line across the floor. Some one was coming up the garret stairs.

Mrs. Ryan lifted her head and listened.

"Sounds like Mike," she said in astonishment.

"What's he doin' round here this time o' day? It's past two o'clock. Oh, John; if he's got you a job! Come in!" and she faced the door with the light of expectation in her eyes.

Her brother Mike was a big leathery man. He moved through the doorway with the awkward relentlessness of a steam roller.

"Llo, Mary!" he said. "Llo, John!" The jovial tone carried in it a hint of preoccupation and embarrassment.

Mary, with her eager eyes following him, forgot to speak. John nodded.

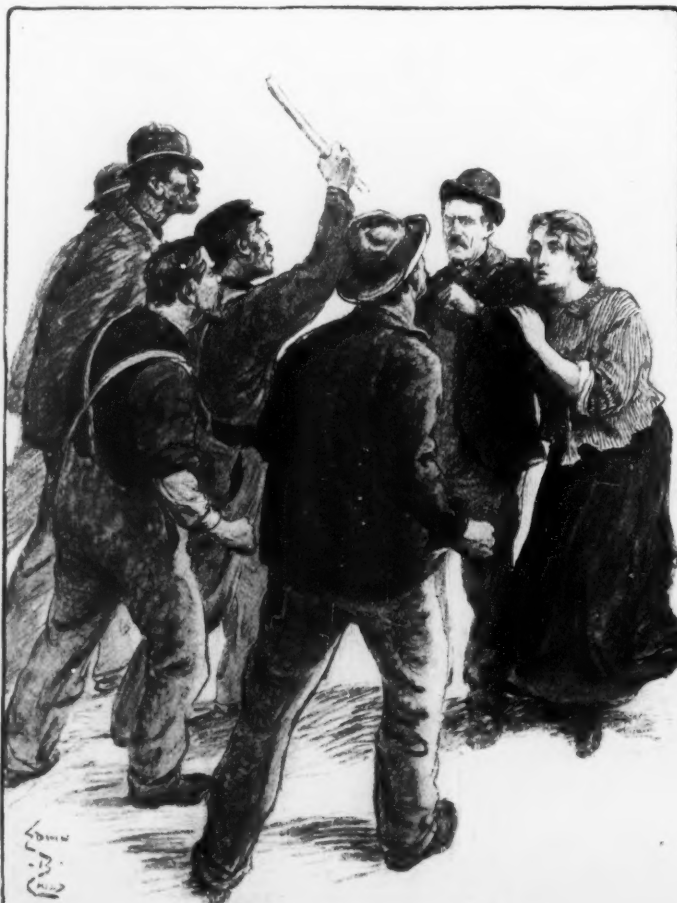
"Llo, baby!" said Mike, and flicked his long teamster's whip playfully about Johnnie's legs. "Thought you had another chair?"

"We loaned it," John replied.

The teamster watched his brother-in-law's nimble fingers for a moment, and then suddenly burst into a roar of laughter.

"Loaned it! Well, you always was a cool 'un, John. You'd ought ter write jokes fer the papers. Loaned it, he says! I hope you kept the ticket."

"You're welcome to call it a joke if you like," said John gruffly, pleasure at the tribute to his wit mingling with anger at the discovery of his meaning.



"Prove it! You scabby coward!"

"Set on the bed, Mike," suggested Mary. "Look out for them baskets."

The big man lumbered across the room and sat cautiously on the edge of the bed. After a moment he moved further back and wriggled up and down experimentally, as if something in the nature of the seat surprised him. Then he turned up the sheet and felt under the thin mattress. There were no springs.

"Thought you had," he blurted out and stopped. "Guess the chair ain't the only—" here he balked again.

"Nothin'." A meditative look grew in his eyes and settled into a fixed stare, the inward gaze of a man whose own affairs have unexpectedly bulked large and threatening on his mental horizon, whose neighbor's troubles have pointed a sinister analogy.

After a little he came out of his reverie and took a deliberate survey of the bare room. Once he caught his sister's wistful, furtive eye, but she bent to her work hastily.

"How long is it you've been out of a job, John?" He asked the question uneasily, as if it were personal to himself.

"Three months."

"And how much do the baskets pay?"

"They don't pay," said John briefly.

"Oh, well, I was only askin'."

Again conversation languished. Mary's face had grown white with hope deferred. Johnnie, on the floor, laid a yellow strip under the long blue one. The visitor watched him idly a few minutes, and then prodding him with the end of the whip, asked: "What you makin', baby?"

"Wainbow," said Johnnie.

"He's awful smart," Mary broke in, tremulous. "He knows every color; don't you, darlin'? You can't fool him on a one of them."

"I seen a rainbow once when I was a kid," Mike remarked genially. "I remember my mother tellin' me there was a pot of gold on the end of it."

"Well, there ain't no pot of gold on the end of this rainbow," said John Ryan grimly. "I've been and found out."

Mike smiled at his ill-humor: "Just the same you can be darned thankful you got somethin' to fall back on when you're down on your luck. Look at me! I don't know nothin' but teamin'."

John compressed his lips, and tied a tassel to the tip of his basket.

"Who buys 'em?" pursued the questioner.

"Moray, down Front Street. He sells 'em to saloons to keep the flies off the chandelier."

"Wonder if I could make one?" Mike twiddled a piece of cambric experimentally between his rough fingers.

"I'll swap jobs any time you say," said Ryan, making a weak attempt at lightheartedness.

"Well, now's your chance! They're wantin' men down to Barker & Finch's."

"Wantin' men!" The words burst like a cry from the husband and wife.

"Wantin' 'em bad," said Mike. "The teamsters has gone out on strike."

John Ryan flashed upon his wife a strange look that was at once an appeal and a defiance. But she saw nothing. Her face was twitching convulsively, and she covered it with groping hands.

"Lord, Mary!" exclaimed her brother—"before God I—"

"It ain't nothin'," she reassured him in a choking voice. "I'm just dizzy a bit with the suddenness; it'll pass. Oh, Mike, how could you! How could you, Mike! I thought, for a minute, there was a chance for John."

Again that strange look flashed across her husband's face; this time it settled in a stubborn line about his mouth. He worked doggedly. The big clumsy brother stood helpless in the middle of the room. "I never thought," he cried remorsefully; "I was so took up with my own troubles—and you was so unsuspectin'—I had to spring it on you. I always was the damndest fool, Mary."

"I know you didn't mean nothin'," she reassured him, "and I'm awful sorry for you, Mike. Will it be long?" She had taken up her raveling again.

"Oh, I don't think," he replied with an assumption of carelessness; but his words did not carry conviction. "The Union's strong, and it'll fight like hell."

"What did you come out for?"

"Wages—and the recognition of the Union."

"I'm awful sorry for you," she repeated—"you and Maggie and the children."

Her brother drove his hands desperately into his pockets. "Lord! but I hate to go home!" he said. "It ain't every woman as has a level head on her shoulders, like yours, Mary. Maggie ain't got no use for the Union."

"Maggie's a fool!" observed Mrs. Ryan.

"Now, don't you come a-callin' names," interposed her brother; "Maggie's a good woman; she's thinkin' of her children—and that's what mothers is for. I don't blame Maggie." He paused, sighed, and moved toward the door. "Lord! but I hate to go home!" he

said again. "Well, good-by, John, good luck to you! Good-by, Mary! Good-by, Johnnie." And they heard him lurching heavily down the stairs.

After that there was a long silence in the room. Mary, having finished her fraying, turned her attention to tassels. Johnnie fell asleep on the floor. At half-past four John Ryan took down the string of finished baskets, slipped them together into a gay cluster, and put on his hat and coat.

"There's that quarter I saved, you know," said Mary. "Don't you want it? We ain't got nothin' in the house but bread, and Johnnie'd ought to have somethin', a potato, or grits, for his supper—and milk."

"No; hang on to the quarter. Moray'll pay me for these and that'll be enough," he answered. "Maybe I'll bring home a piece of liver."

After he had gone, Mary swept up Johnnie's rainbow, and set him to picking up threads. Then she washed his protesting face and hands. "Set pot to boil," said he.

"Not yet, Johnnie; wait till papa comes. He'll sure bring us somethin' good."

They went out to the head of the stairs and listened. The smell of all the suppers in the house came up through the halls. Johnnie peered through the banisters and sniffed longingly: "When will papa come?" he quavered.

"Soon, darlin'; I guess he's buyin' somethin' for Johnnie; that's what keeps him late."



"It's his own," they said

But at seven o'clock she put the kettle on to boil and gave the child his bread and two cups of tea. Then she put him to bed.

"And when papa brings the liver and the potatoes and the milk, I'll wake you up; I sure will," she promised, "but you had a big supper."

She turned down the lamp to save the oil and sat by the window rocking. She was big, like her brother, but statuesque where he was clumsy. Her imperfections were those of poverty—the starved skin, the broken nails—but now the shadows hid all these, only the noble outline of her head showed, moving back and forth before the window.

"I wonder if it would ever come that he would be really hungry?" she mused with a little shudder. "There's lots of things can go yet, if John don't get a job. There's the Roosian suit, and the clock, and this yere rocker, and Grandma's shawl we use for a blanket—it's comin' spring in two months now." Her face had brightened as she enumerated the articles. "And there's always the Charities," she sighed. "And there's a chance for two or three more snowstorms and shovelin'. We ain't so bad off, near, as the Sheas in the basement."

Every little while she got up and went out on the landing to listen. By nine o'clock her face was intent and anxious. She started at every sound.

"I wonder what's keepin' him?" she murmured over and over again. "He never done this way before. He wouldn't leave Johnnie go to bed hungry, not if he could help it. Somethin' must have happened." And once she said: "If he takes to drink, it'll be the last straw."

At ten o'clock she heard his step on the stairs, a tired step, but steady, and the fervor with which she said "Thank God!" made her realize how anxious she had been. She turned up the light. When he came in he still carried the baskets in his hand.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, very low and shaky.

"Moray wouldn't take no more," he explained in a level, listless voice. "It ain't fly season, and he can't get rid of what he has."

"Well, the clock can go to-morrow," she answered gently, "and I'll start out and see if I can get some scrubbin'."

"I tried sellin' 'em on the street," he continued, "but a copper come a-nosin' after my license. I bluffed him off, but it wasn't no go. He said he'd run me in if I didn't move off the curb."

"And is that what you've been doin' all this time—just hangin' round? And me here thinkin' you'd maybe been run over—or—or somethin' dreadful."

"No; it ain't all—not quite," he replied, and then he turned and faced her with an attempt at jocosse bravado. "Mary, I've got a job," he said, but something in his eyes, in his voice, in the defiant lift of his head, checked the cry of joy on her lips. She waited open mouthed.

"It was the best I could do," he faltered; "so don't you make a fuss."

"What kind?" she asked.

"It's drivin' a team."

"A team!" She stared. "You wouldn't—you don't mean—No! What are you talkin' about? Speak, can't you?" She gripped his shoulders and shook him.

His anger asserted itself against her violence.

"Now, you listen to me!" he said roughly, "and don't come no hys-trikes! I'm runnin' this show, and I'm goin' to run it my way. If you think I'm goin' to sit back and refuse to earn good money because a set of durn-fool teamsters has thrown up their job, you're off your base, that's all. It's a man's first duty to look after his wife and children, and I'm goin' to look after mine. Your brother can let his go hungry if he'd rather, but you and Johnnie shan't never; it's got to end, and I'm goin' to end it. And if you don't like it, you can go 'way back and sit down."

She had moved away from him and stood now by the table. Her eyes were blazing.

"Go on!" she cried, "go on, and earn your scab money! But you don't spend a cent of it on me. You can't make me eat your scab victuals."

"Then you can starve, if you're such a fool," he answered thickly. "But Johnnie don't starve—not while his father has a chance to earn wages."

"There ain't no talk of starvin' yet, John Ryan, and you know it," she retorted. "Before I'd get discouraged so easy! But that's like a man; they can't wait."

"Wait! Haven't I waited three months? And when Johnnie gets to hangin' round swill pails, I tell you, that's the limit."

"He wasn't hungrier than children often is; he had his milk and grits for breakfast."

"You talk like a mother, don't you?" he taunted. "You ain't got the feelin' of a mother cat."

"Oh, John," she said, "you don't know what you're sayin'!" And she flung her arms out on the table and dropped her head down and sobbed and sobbed.

Little Johnnie stirred in his sleep, but did not open his eyes. His father's anger died down as quickly as it had risen. He went around the table and laid his hand on his wife's shoulder. "You and me's got long tongues and short tempers, Mary," he said brokenly, "but for God's sake don't let's quarrel. I know I'm impatient, but it's because it's harder for a man than a woman. Look at it reasonable."

She lifted her head and gazed at him wretchedly through her tears: "Oh, John, you know you're doin' wrong; you know you are! Give it up!"

He squared his shoulders obstinately: "Presidents of colleges stands up for me!" he answered, defiant: "The biggest lawyers in the country is on my side. I got the Constitution of the United States back of me. This is a free country, and the Unions is tryin' to play the tyrant on us—they're interferin' with the liberty of American citizens."

"Oh, I'm sick of the liberty of American citizens," retorted his wife. "A man can't go out and kill his neighbor, and his neighbor's wife and children—oh, no! I guess not! The law won't let him. But he can take his neighbor's job and cut under wages till his neighbor's children and his own is that low-fed and foul with starvation and hardship that they ain't fit to be citizens no way. Oh, John, the scab's only another sort of thug and the worst sort. Don't you see? He don't just murder a man here and there; it's the country he's murderin'! Don't you see?"

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A BELATED CONSCIENCE

(Continued from page 17)

"The country!" snapped Ryan bitterly. "What do I care for the country? What's the country ever done for me? Look where I am. The country can go to the devil!"

"Then don't you come excusin' yourself to me with the Constitution of the United States!" his wife cried out. "Now, you know what I think; you can sleep on it. But not one word I've said to-night do I take back."

She shed no more tears. All through the darkness she lay dry eyed, awake, and very still, beside her restless sleeping husband.

In the morning, when he was ready to go to work, he said: "Where's that quarter? I'll take it and buy me a sandwich at noon."

"I've got use for the quarter," she answered shortly.

"Don't you go too far, Mary!" he threatened. "If I get my mad up there'll be war."

"If you want to wake up Johnnie, talk a little louder."

"You don't expect me to drive a team all day on a cup of tea and a slice of stale bread, do you?"

"I don't expect nothin' of you, John—no more."

Her sad, accusing voice enraged him because it stirred his sympathy and his compunction. He flung open the door and rushed down the stairs.

For a moment she stood irresolute, pressing her hands together: "Oh, it's cruel to be tore in two, like this!" she sobbed. "Men is so hard to their women." Then she ran downstairs.

At her landlady's kitchen she stopped breathless with: "Oh, Mrs. Daly, have you such a thing as a piece of meat you could let me have for a sandwich? Ryan's gone to his work with nothin' for his lunch, and I'm takin' it after him."

"Sure!" said Mrs. Daly. "Here's some liver now, and ham I just fried, and here's some bread. Don't you want a piece of paper to wrap it in? He can't carry it that way."

"I'll pay you when I come back," said Mary, receiving the package with trembling hands.

"You'll do no such thing, Mary Ryan—wid yer proud ways! Go along! I'll hear Johnnie if he wakes up. I'm mighty glad yer man's got a job."

"Well, I ain't," said Mary passionately. "I'd sooner he died!" And she was gone.

"Will you hear that now!" ejaculated the astonished Mrs. Daly. "Will you hear that!" and moved as one in a daze among her pots and pans.

Mary arrived hatless, breathless, at the warehouse of Barker & Finch, to find a little group of watchful men hanging about near the row of teams.

Beside one of the teams a manifestly green hand was endeavoring to mend a piece of broken harness. Another, buttonholed by a whispering, expostulatory, imperative fellow-creature, stood sullen and uneasy beside his horses. Down at the corner of the street a policeman loitered in an easy, non-committal attitude.

"Do you know if John Ryan is come here yet?" Mary inquired of the watchful group.

"Scab?" asked one of the men with brutal emphasis.

Mary choked, and the blood rushed to her face. "Not if he'll listen to me," she stammered. The men drew near her, curiosity and admiration expressed on their rough faces.

"Not so very tall? Thin?—white, soft hands? Red mustache?" said one of them.

Mary nodded.

"He's inside gettin' his bill of ladin'. We're layin' fur 'im all right."

"There ain't a better man walks God's earth," said Mary, her great eyes resting wistfully on one and another of the grim, questioning faces. "But he's discouraged. You men get discouraged so easy if things don't come your way straight off. You can't wait. You're all alike."

The pickets grinned appreciatively at her and at one another.

"I'm not excusin' him," she continued, "but he ain't been Union-raised the way some has. It ain't in his blood the way it's in mine. I'm Mike Callahan's sister."

"Sure, are you now?" cried one of them, his face clearing. "Mike's the boy!"

And they all shook hands with her.

"We won't hurt him," said another man. "This yere's a peaceful strike."

He winked playfully.

"All you've got to do is to take him home with you," explained a third man.

"We don't want no row."

Then John Ryan came out of the warehouse, and the men drew away and left his wife to face him alone. Fierce anger blazed in his eyes at sight of her.

"What do you mean by comin' here?" he said hoarsely.

"I brought your lunch, John," she answered, holding out the package.

His face softened a little. "So you're comin' to your senses, are you?" he remarked with an attempt at gruffness, but his voice shook.

"Oh, John," she whispered, catching at his coat, "just come home. Don't disgrace Mike and me before all these. Don't disgrace yourself!"

"You go home!" he shouted, furious. "Go home and mind your business!—Disgrace! Think shame to yourself, then, for comin' down here to wash your dirty linen on the public street. What am I a-doin' but earnin' my livin' and keepin' my family from comin' on the city? Disgrace, do you call it? It's here's the disgrace—that a lot of blackguards that wants to loaf should stand round in a gang to intimidate a free American citizen that's willin' to work."

The little group of pickets bounded toward him as one man. "Intimidate!" they roared, thrusting out their chins in menace. "You prove it! Prove it!—Damn you! You scabby coward!"

"Look out, here's the cop!" warned the picket who had been expostulating with the man by the horses.

"Now, you fellows don't want to make any trouble, you know," said the Guardian of Peace, swinging his club from a very flexible wrist.

"You're right we don't," observed the picketing leader. "If you're hankerin' to run somebody in, you can try it on this here scab, for slander and defamation of character; I'll stand up to him in open court, and these'll witness to my word."

But the policeman only smiled cheerily and wandered off.

"Go take your wife home!" said one of the pickets to Ryan, not unkindly.

"Look, how she's tremblin'! This ain't no place for her—nor for you neither—a decent, respectable man like you. You don't want this job."

For answer John strode to his team, unwound the reins and mounted the high seat. Mary followed and stood close below him, looking up.

"For the last time, I ask you, don't do this, John!" she pleaded. "You'll be sorry!"

"Well, then, I'll be sorry!" he replied. "But nothin''ll stop me now."

"Tisn't like we was starvin', or on the city," she persisted.

"No, and we're not a-goin' to; you bet!"

The passivity of the pickets, his lofty position, the feeling that he was coming out on top after all, restored him to a certain kind of good nature.

"Climb up here and I'll ride you home," he said with bland insolence.

She clinched her fist and lifted her arm with a gesture of angry warning.

"I say you'll be sorry for this!" she cried, and then a hand was laid on her arm. Mr. Barker, attracted by the disturbance, had been standing on the sidewalk, unobserved.

"You're a foolish woman!" he said. "Here you have a good husband who is willing to work for you, and you carry on like this. Go home, now, you're too good-looking to be making yourself cheap in a street row. Here is something for the baby!"

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A BELATED CONSCIENCE

(Continued from page 18)

She ignored his proffered gift and stood looking him up and down with a cool, critical stare.

"Yes—there is men I'd be more ashamed to call my husband than John Ryan," she remarked at last. "And you're one of them; for John's ignorant—he's takin' what he tries to think he's got a right to; but you're tryin' to break up a Union and keep your men in slavery, with your preachin' of the rights of a man to bargain as an individual for his labor. You know he can't make a fair bargain that way, as things is now, and you're usin' the devil's own arguments when you talks to him about the freedom of the American citizen. You know you are."

"You impudent baggage!" exclaimed the employer.

"Let go my wife's arm!" cried John Ryan.

Mr. Barker swore impressively, and retired to the warehouse. Mary walked slowly and unsteadily down the street; John snapped his whip and clucked to his horses, and the pickets remained on the sidewalk doubled up in attitudes of extreme and boisterous mirth.

The day was mild and drizzly. There had been a thaw and the streets were full of slush and running water. All along his route John Ryan was delayed by seemingly unavoidable accidents. Once it was a huge dray loaded with packing cases, which suddenly lost a wheel, tumbled the packing cases into the mud, and completely barred all traffic. When he would have turned his team to go around by another street, a cart behind locked wheels with him. When he would have assisted the man in front to reload the dray, he discovered that the packing cases were apparently loaded with lead. Another time his own load slipped, in some inexplicable fashion, and when his attention was called to the mishap there were bags of grain lying behind him, at intervals, in the mud, for three blocks. Again, when he had delivered a load at the freight depot, received the incoming freight, and mounted his seat to drive off, his harness gave way, and as fast as he tied it up in one place it broke in another. And always there was a crowd of grinning sympathizers standing round, ready to give advice.

The reins blistered his tender hands, the jolting racked his joints; the lifting and shifting of heavy bags and boxes strained his muscles and lamed his back. The wages for which he had agreed to work began to seem to him wholly inadequate as a return for the labor required, and with this thought there came a sense of helplessness, a realization that he was one man against a hostile world.

"Oh, well!" he muttered, "I guess when I get used to it, it won't be so hard. My muscles is flabby. And them Union men always was a greedy lot."

Whereupon he began to calculate his expenses, and the result only increased his uneasiness.

"My God, how can a man save on that!" he exclaimed at last, wiping the sweat from his face.

In mid-afternoon Mary's scornful words about American liberty began to repeat themselves incessantly in his mind.

"But them men that stands by the scab is smart men with educations—college professors some of them," he mused. "The tyranny of the Unions is a menace to American liberty. The scab is only asserting his rights as a citizen of the Republic—that's their talk—I seen it time and again in the papers."

A woman crossed the street in front of him, carrying a huge bundle of men's trousers under her arm. Her face was yellow, her cheeks were sunken, her features sharp. He let his eyes follow her meditatively.

"It couldn't be as how the ignorant laborin' man had run up against God's truth, and the rich and learned, with all his feelers out, had missed it, now could it?" he pondered. And after another half hour of silent brooding, during which more than one foot-passenger narrowly escaped being knocked down, he murmured wearily: "It's too much for me. I give it up. But I'll bet on Mary every time."

He started for home with a day's wage in his pocket, and on the way bought meat, coffee, bread, and sugar.

"She won't go so far as not to cook for me and Johnnie, even if she scrubs for her own victuals," he reasoned. "I wonder how long she'll hold out?"

When he entered the house the landlady poked her head out of her back room, but immediately withdrew it and shut the door. On the third floor Mrs. Moriarty looked out into the hall, with her small daughter peering under her arm. "Say!" shouted the little girl, "your—" but the information was choked by a squeeze from her mother.

The door of the garret stood ajar. There was no one in the room. Twilight came through the window. John felt as if all the people in the house were listening, hushed. He closed the door. The table was gone from under the window. He looked around; the room seemed larger than usual despite the evening shadows. He turned to the bureau for a match. There was no bureau. He felt in his pockets hurriedly, found a stray match, and lighted the lamp, which stood on a shelf above the stove. Leaning against the lamp there was a piece of folded brown paper with "John" scrawled on it, and when John opened it he read:

"I couldn't live on your scab earning. I have gone way with Johny. The bed and stove was yours to begin with I left them. I pawned Johny's suit, the beauro the clock the rocking chair. I did not move in no scab team. I hired a hand cart. Goodby I am lost from you John darlin. MARY RYAN."

He looked around the room bewildered; there was nothing in it but the bed and the stove. He opened the closet; an old coat of his hung there, nothing else. With a half-smothered cry he dashed out and down the stairs to Mrs. Daly.

"Where's my wife?" he yelled, shaking the impassive landlady; "where's my wife?"

"I don't know where she is, John Ryan, and if you don't take your hands off me, I'll have in the police."

Mrs. Daly adjusted her collar and passed her hand over her dislocated false front.

"I don't know where she is, and I don't want to know. I ain't kept lodgin's ten year not to know when it's time to mind my own business. If you think I'm goin' to stick my finger in you and your wife's rows, you don't know me. She may be to blame and she may not, but she's gone, and I don't know where she's gone, and I don't want to know where she's gone."

"I'll notify the police," shouted Ryan. "I'll have a warrant out to search," and he bolted for the door, but Mrs. Daly caught his sleeve.

"You eat somethin' first," she counseled. "You're shakin' like a leaf. Have you got anything for supper?"

"Yes," he answered rebelliously, "but there ain't nobody to cook it."

"You go up and get it and I'll cook it for you before I let my fire out. Now, you do what I tell you, and don't run out in the street like a crazy man."

He obeyed reluctantly, and when he had eaten his bread and meat and drunk two cups of hot coffee, sitting at her kitchen table, he had recovered his self-control and abandoned his plan of going to the police station. He would seek his wife at her brother's instead, and before he arrived at Mike's he had fully convinced himself that he should find her there. She would go there as a matter of course, and he had no doubt that she was on the lookout for him now—waiting for him to come after her. She would know that he would come. She had played him a mean trick, but they'd make it up—they'd be so glad to see each other. Mike opened the door.

"Tell Mary I've—" began John, but his words were drowned in the torrent of abuse which poured from the lips of his brother-in-law.

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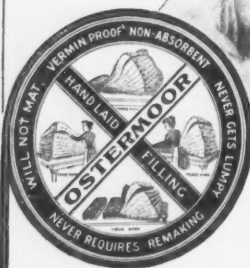
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Small size \$1.00; Medium \$1.50; Large \$2.00. Write for full descriptive circular.

LOUIS WINTER, Center Ave., F. READING, PA.

A BELATED CONSCIENCE

(Continued from page 19)

"You dirty skunk you! What to hell do you mean by comin' here? You mangy, rotten—" The epithets flooded the hallway. John turned white and steadied himself against the banisters.

"For the love of God, Mike," he gasped, "only tell me is Mary here!"

"Mary!" exclaimed the angry teamster. "I tell you Mary's got some pride. Poor Mary! What would she be doin' here, with you scabbin' it down to my place?"

Then something in the scab's face startled him: "Where is Mary?" he asked.

"She's gone and left me," said John. "She's took Johnnie and gone."

The teamster stared a moment and then struck his hand against the door-jamb with a roar of laughter: "If that ain't Mary!" he shouted, and his wife came from an inner room to see what was the matter.

"Mary's packed up her duds and lit out," he explained. "There's a woman for you! Wouldn't stay with him! That's what she thinks of scabbin'! She ain't like some fellows' wives I could name, that makes their life a hell on earth for them because they won't go back on the Union."

"I always knew Mary was a big fool," Mrs. Callahan remarked contemptuously. "There's some women that knows too much. A mother's place is to look after her children and not quarrel with their victuals if they're earned within the law."

John Ryan straightened up and came a step nearer his sister-in-law.

"Mary's the best woman that ever walked God's earth," he said in a low, firm voice, "and don't you forget it! Talk about mothers! It's the Holy Mother that Mary is patterned after. She's got a heart for other folks' children as well as her own, Mary has. If Johnnie's eatin' cake must leave other children go hungry, then Johnnie can't have no cake. That's the way Mary works it out. It's the future of the country she's got on her mind, an' how to make citizens out o' the kids, an' not hoboos. Raisin' up a child ain't the same as fattenin' a hog—for all there's some mothers seems to think so. Mary'd ought to be a man. That's what's the matter with her. Then she could have a try at buryin' some of these old broken-back, out-o'-date laws of liberty the employers is playin' sick nurse to nowadays."

"Say," observed Mike, "it done you good to try scabbin' for once! Sure! Or else"—and his great face darkened ominously—"you're a dirtier scoundrel than I thought you was, John Ryan—if you're believin' one thing an' doin' another."

"What's a man to believe, Mike?" cried his brother-in-law. "An ignorant cuss like me?—when them that claims the right to know—teachers in colleges, if they can't stand for honesty I ask you what can?—when men that ain't got nothin' to gain for it for themselves tempts you with all that damned rot about the freedom of the individual to bargain for his labor? What's a man to believe, I ask you? He don't know where he's at. And there's the unions bindin' him down with 'you shall' and 'you shan't,' and doin' fool things. And there's the job-temptin'—and—and"—he turned away to the stairs—"the little kid ate out o' the swill."

He was going down stairs slowly, with a discouraged, dragging step, and Mike watched him with a face in which sympathy contended with a Union sense of duty. Then suddenly the big man leaned over the railing and called down: "Maybe you'll find her there when you go back, John! Maybe they're hidin' her in the house to give you a little scare."

Ryan's step quickened. "I believe you're right!" he answered, a ring of hope in his voice. "Good-night to you, Mike, and don't think no worse of me than you can help."

He could hardly get home fast enough; he almost ran. Perhaps he would not go back to the warehouse to-morrow. Perhaps he would give her her own way, since she cared so much. He stumbled up the stairs in his eagerness and burst into the garret. But it was dark and empty. Mary and the child were not there.

Reaction came with the disappointment, and he raged and cursed, and flung himself impotently about the room for an hour or more.

"I wouldn't give it up now, not if she crawled in the dirt and licked my feet, I wouldn't," he reiterated over and over. "She'll threaten me, will she? I'll show her! I'll have her up for kidnappin', that's what I'll do. Not if she begged me on her knees would I give it up now. I'll show her who's runnin' this show. Not if she kissed the dirt would I!"

And Mrs. Daly, and the other lodgers listening on the stairs, looked at one another and shook their heads in awed silence.

He was sullen and dumb in the morning. The landlady gave him his breakfast, and he went off to his work with a stubborn stride and a lowering brow. Mike was among the pickets gathered near the warehouse, and they all whispered together when Ryan approached; but no one molested him, although another scab received a black eye, and the offender was arrested. When the excitement caused by this diversion had subsided and Ryan had mounted his dray, Mike came up and spoke to him.

"Did she come home last night?"

"Nope!"

Mike whistled expressively and scanned his brother-in-law's haggard face with curiosity and mild concern.

"Well, you know, John," he said at last, "if you're on the fence, why you're on the fence—I ain't got nothin' to say against that. But a man can't set on the fence and the same time drive a team. See? I'm willin' to believe you're a fool; but I'd hate, for Mary's sake, to think you was a damned scoundrel."

"It don't make no difference to me what you think," John answered roughly and drove off. But the words rankled.

"I'm an honest man," he repeated to himself over and over again during the morning. "I'm doin' what the law allows." And then he would argue with himself till the sweat poured down his face and there was a hunted, shamed look in his eyes. He deliberately went out of his way to pass through the tenement district, in the hope that he might meet Mary by accident, and then, absorbed in his battling thoughts, he forgot the outer world for blocks at a time, and more than once he almost ran down the children in the street.

"He ain't got the liberty to murder one man," he muttered, "but he can take away the livin' wage of a whole town—undercuttin'." And again—"Liberty! What's liberty? These United States is founded on a Union—that's—that's"—an illuminating thought brought light into his face—"that's why we can stand up against England and Europe, and all the rest of the world." He brought down his free hand with a slap upon his knee. "Who of them kingdoms would take the trouble to bargain square with Massachusetts—or Rhode Island—or New York—taken separte? They'd do 'em out o' their eye-teeth, that's what they'd do. We're unionized for liberty—that's what we are! Lord! I'm up against it, sure!"

The argument fascinated him; he went over the analogy several times, filling in the parallels. In all his life he had never worked his mind as hard as he had worked it during the past two days, and the unwonted gymnastics exhilarated him.

"Yes, I'm up against it!" he repeated at last. "Time to come off the fence!"

His dray was empty; he was on his way back to the warehouse for another load.

"Come up there!" he shouted to the horses, snapping the long whip. "Come up! This is my last trip!" And they quickened their lumbering gait to an ungainly trot.

John, on the noisy, rattling dray, stood, vision-wrapped, with unseeing eyes. "I'll spend the scab pay on a personal in the paper," he soliloquized. "I'll

A BELATED CONSCIENCE

(Continued from page 20)

bet she's readin' the paper for strike news. I'll put it in like this: 'Mary, I've quit murderin' my country, in Unions is strength, come home to John.' She'll know it's me. She's twice the brains that I've got. She's the grandest woman God ever made; Mary is! She's the—"

"I'm a picket—I'm a picket! Papa, I'm a picket!" sang a little voice. And there in front of the horses he saw Johnnie's face, illumined with a joyful smile of welcome. Then all the noises in the street seemed to stop to listen to Johnnie's scream.

The angry crowd would have held the teamster—they thought he was trying to escape; but he fought his way through to his baby, and then those who were nearest to him and could see his face looked at one another, awe-stricken.

"My God! it's his own!" they said. And they let him pick up the little limp body and carry it past the horses and lay it down on the dray. Then they caught him as he staggered and laid him down by Johnnie's side. And there Mary found them.

Ryan opened his eyes upon his wife's eyes, and hers were full of tears. "He ain't dead, John!" she sobbed. "Don't you fret! The druggist says it's only his leg is broken, and they've sent for the ambulance."

He watched her vaguely for a moment before he said: "I was drivin' too fast. But I was drivin' back to give up the team. I'd come to see I couldn't be a scab no longer. That's why I was drivin' so fast. I've been a fool. You was in the right of it, Mary. I'm paid for it heavy. If it could be my leg—not Johnnie's!"

"Don't you think of it that way, John—don't you now!" cried his wife. "It's me that gives thanks he'll be took to the hospital where they'll feed him up fine. That's the way to take it, John! Don't you be lookin' on the dark side!" And she kissed him and blessed him, and presently he sat up and watched the young doctor who came with the ambulance.

After that he made ready to drive back to the warehouse, but when he stood up on the dray and took the reins, Johnnie's smiling, shining face stared at him in front of the horses, and he staggered and would have fallen down under the wheels; but the policeman who had superintended the whole affair caught him in time.

"I guess I'm cured of drivin' teams," murmured John, leaning against the arm of the law. "You'll have to take it back for me. And if you see Mike Callahan picketin', you can tell him I'm over his side the fence."

"And John, darlin'," said Mary, as she led him into the house, "the woman's husband that took me in here, he's conductor on the electric, and he says they're gettin' ready to run more cars and oftener on his line, and they're breakin' in new men. He said last night he thought he could get the job for you. But you'd have to join the Union."

And John's assent was hearty.

"Sure!" he said.

CRANKIDOXOLOGY

(Being a Mental Attitude from Bernard Pshaw)

By WALLACE IRWIN

IT'S wrong to be thoroughly human,
It's stupid alone to be good,
And why should the "virtuous"
woman

Continue to do as she should?
(It's stupid to do as you should!)

For I'd rather be famous than pleasant,
I'd rather be rude than polite;

It's easy to sneer
When you're witty and queer,
And I'd rather be Clever than Right.

I'm bored by mere Shakespeare and Milton,
Though Hubbard compels me to rave;

If I should lay laurels to wilt on
That foggy Shakespearean grave,
How William would squirm in his grave!

For I'd rather be Pshaw than be Shakespeare,
I'd rather be candid than wise;

And the way I amuse
Is to roundly abuse
The Public I feign to despise.

I'm a Socialist, loving my brother
In quite an original way,
With my maxim, "Detest One An-
other!"

Though, faith, I don't mean what I say,
(It's beastly to mean what you say!)

For I'm fonder of talk than of Hus-
bands,

And I'm fonder of fads than of Wives,
So I say unto you,

If you don't as you do
You will do as you don't all your lives.

My "Candida's" ruddy as coral
With thoughts quite too awfully plain—

If folks would just call me Im-
moral

I'd feel that I'd not lived in vain.
(It's nasty, this living in vain!)

For I'd rather be Martyred than Married,
I'd rather be tempted than tamed,

And if I had my way
(At least, so I say)

All Babies would be labeled "Un-
claimed."

I'm an epigrammatical Moses,
Whose humorous tablets of stone

Condemn affectations and poses—
Excepting a few of my own.

(I dote on a few of my own.)

For my method of booming the market
When Managers ask for a play

Is to say on a bluff,
"I'm so fond of my stuff

That I don't want it acted—go
'way!"

I'm the club-ladies' Topic of Topics
Where solemn discussions are spent

In struggles as hot as the tropics,
Attempting to find what I meant.

(I Never Can Tell what I meant!)

For it's fun to make bosh of the Gospel,
And it's sport to make gospel of Bosh,

While divorcees hurrah
For the Sayings of Pshaw

And his sub-psychological Josh.

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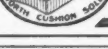
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Sold by druggists.

PIONEERS OF THE DRY PLACES

(Continued from page 15)

In all our lonely Western lands—our empire of the dry places—there is none where the fight between man and inanimate nature is so stripped to the essentials, so bald and naked, as it is here. A desert far below the level of the sea, lying like a bake-oven between the volcanic rock and ghostly sand dunes—no place so alien, so far from the natural trail of the Saxon. Other places are less fertile, may be as lonely in the sense of being as far from the noises of civilization, but they have compensations—mountains and canyons that lift a man out of everything he has been in before and make it seem fussy and small; air that makes mere moving about and breathing a sort of continuous exaltation; timber full of game and trout streams only a day's ride away—a hundred and one things that make up for the lack of mere humans to the healthy, active man. But here in the Imperial Valley there is—or rather was when men first came in here two or three years ago—nothing; only the sunken desert, with its sage and creosote bush and occasional mesquite, and the heat—"hot enough," as our Pullman porter said, "to melt the tin on the roof of the car, let alone the ice"—and the unbroken loneliness.

The one thing that must impress one most, aside from the valley's wonderful fertility and its immeasurable prospects, is the pluck and the cheerfulness of the people who have come in here and started in to create a land livable and lovely. This fight with the land—it responds so marvelously to irrigation that I suppose they would hotly resent having it called a fight at all—is like a fight on a board platform in a roped ring, face to face with one's antagonist. There is no relaxation, no escape. By day, in the white heat, plodding over "mesquite mines" and greasewood with a railroad rail lever or a "buck-scraper," or wading about in the pasty mud as the water is turned on the land; at night nothing to do but creep into one's tent or the hot, smelly, little pine box which the homesteader may legally call a house, and listen to the silence. Presently the day comes—the same day precisely as yesterday and the day before—and again the slow drag of the lever and the dust, and the wading in the steamy ooze, and the white heat and the unbroken plain across which nothing moves, perhaps, but a sand spiral vaguely seen in the blazing distance as it trails its skirts lazily over the sage-brush, its head lost in the upper air.

The Pluck of the Pioneers

And to keep this up day in and day out, and month in and month out, until the crop comes; year in and year out, until the trees grow and the streets are laid and the town is built, until the cheerful bang of the trolley gong sounds in the air and whistles blow at noon, and the railroad trains stop because there are people who really want to get off, and boxes and bags on the platform that really need to be carried away—this takes nerve and backbone and imagination. It's a harder sort of nerve to summon up than that needed for bronco-busting, a more enduring sort of imagination and backbone than that which braves the hardships of the trail to the goldfields, only to rob the mountains of their treasure and then up and away again. Just across the mountains to the west and north are the orange groves of Riverside and Pasadena, and all that western Riviera of ours where effete folks who ride through the Imperial Valley in Pullmans, blow about in automobiles, play polo, and in the shade of rose arbors and palm-trees invite their souls in ease and pretty clothes. All that country was "desert," too, only a little while ago, and it is such things as that that the people who have come down here think about as they work away with their noses to the ground. For their work will be done one of these days, and the miracle wrought, and they too not serfs, but the lords of the soil.

They have built them several little towns in the valley now, and there are newspapers and really, truly hotels. We breakfasted at one of them at Imperial—quite brand-new, with imposing Colonial pillars in front and home-grown cantaloupes, though it was still but early June, and in the next room a lady with curly hair at the piano, and an exceedingly little girl, with an exceedingly precocious voice, shrilling out the "Holy City." And we had luncheon at Holtville, in another, also brand-new and imposing as to pillars and balconies, from which one could look across the sunken desert to the sand dunes on the horizon, and the road that many a man had followed to a death from heat and thirst in the days gone by. The new settlers came in from their fields and irrigation ditches, bringing samples of their alfalfa and early vegetables and fruits, and anxious to tell what they knew and to learn. For these farmers of the dry places are not simple sons of their fathers, doing as their fathers did. They are and must be wide-awake and studious men, who know not only plowing and reaping, but something of hydraulics and of the chemistry of soils and all sorts of things that people learn at Government experimental stations, and send forth in reports that flippant townfolk suppose nobody reads. There was a big empty room in the hotel building, intended some day for a store, and into this they crowded, with their Mexican hats in their hands, and listened to one of our wise men tell them what they had to expect from alkali, and how little they had to fear if they drained the subsoil properly. They listened, very intent and earnest, and asked questions—whether, for instance, an open ditch with a sand stratum, answering to a tile drain, wouldn't be sufficient, and many things more that made them less like farmers listening to an academic outsider than like a class of earnest medical students quizzing their instructor in a clinic.

You could see held after field in the Imperial Valley this summer of the finest sort of alfalfa, which six months before had been greasewood and creosote bush. Some of it, experts had said, wouldn't grow anything because of the alkali. The venturesome farmers went ahead and turned on the water and up the crops came. Field after field had never even been plowed. So level was the land that all the new settlers did to prepare it was to pull up the brush and gash the surface with a disk cultivator.

Humanizing the Desert

There were a few other troubles in the valley this summer besides the floods that were ripping out the Imperial Canal, and there will be yet awhile until the people who own the land also own the water and the canals in which it is brought. We have no desire to settle things here, to tell of stockholders' squabbles, and who is martyr and who is villain. Nobody cares much about these things but the valley folks themselves, and they must fight out their own battles. Some day that little dotted line which runs across the sandy mesa on the reclamation maps, from Pilot Knob to the Alamo, may stand for a tunnel and canal wholly within American soil, carrying water along the shortest route to the valley. This and other things will work out in due time, when the men whose imagination made this great project possible, and who have made their mistakes like the rest of us, are dead and gone. We would rather think about what has been done; remember the cool perfume of the alfalfa blooming here where creosote and sage-brush were; think of the pluck and hopefulness of the pioneers; remember those who have died along the desert trail, and then pick up one of the little valley papers and read of the ball game between Imperial and Calexico, of the new ice cream parlor across from the post-office, and the literary social and play given by the young ladies of Silsbee; how Mr. So-and-so and his wife are "moving into Gray Gables on the boulevard," how "all the young folks are going over to Holtville Saturday evening to attend the dance given in the new warehouse." For the brazen desert has been softened and given a human soul. There may be mistakes and transgressions, but nothing can destroy the Idea behind the thing done. It is applied idealism of this sort—that which the vulgar speak of as "push"—which is winning back our West for us, which makes mere living and doing to many men out there a sort of joyous warfare and exaltation.

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